



Engr. by A. H. Ritchie.

THE
TRUE WOMAN;

OR,

LIFE AND HAPPINESS AT HOME
AND ABROAD.

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TO THE
TRUE WOMEN OF AMERICA,

This Work is most respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRUE WOMAN IN A BOOK.

	Page
SECTION I. Our Stand-point.....	11
As Strange as Fiction.....	13
The Letter.....	14
A Special Providence.....	21
The Farewell.....	27
SECTION II. Grave Responsibilities.....	33
On our Guard.....	33
A Higher Tribunal.....	36
SECTION III. A Foreshadowing.....	38
Marked Contrasts.....	38
Not an Accident.....	38
Not Wicked.....	39
Not Artificial.....	42
Not Useless.....	45
The Lady.....	51
The Classes.....	53
A Design.....	54

CHAPTER II.

THE TRUE WOMAN FORMED.

	Page
SECTION I. Ancestry	56
Stubborn Facts	57
SECTION II. The Nursery	60
Take Care of the Baby	61
The Country! the Country!	66
Don't send the Baby to School	68
A Good Time generally	72
Hard ; but must be done	77
Quite Sleepy	82
Wide Awake	86
See my Nice Olothes	91
Talk and Company	94
Must begin to Learn	97
The little Moralist	102
SECTION III. The School	105
Shall I Educate my Daughter?	105
The School at Home	107
The Sunday School	110
Interest	111
The Grand Object	115
Nurture	117
The Free-School	119
The Argument	122

	Page
The Boarding-School.....	125
Christian, not Roman Schools	125
The Best School.....	134
Course of Study.....	137
SECTION IV. Self-culture.....	143
An Inquiring and Devout Disposition of Mind.....	146
Reading.....	150
Periodicals.....	151
Novels	153
Practice.....	159

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUE WOMAN AT HOME.

SECTION I. The Daughter	163
Filial Love.....	163
Obedience.....	167
Gratitude	172
SECTION II. The Sister.....	179
Be Kind to your Sister.....	180
Be Kind to your Brother.....	188
SECTION III. The Wife.....	199
A Good Husband.....	199
Do not be in Haste	201
Acquaintance	205
Eight Great Questions.....	208
Be on your Guard.....	209

	Page
Consult your Parents.....	211
True Love	214
How to get a Good Husband.....	216
A Faithful Wife.....	218
Romance in Real Life.....	220
The Deserted.....	220
The Search and the Criminal.....	225
The Discovery.....	231
A Great Contrast.....	235
A Happy Home.....	238
SECTION IV. The Mother.....	246
A Mother's Love.....	247
A Mother's Trials.....	249
Sickness.....	249
Want and Care.....	250
Depravity and Disobedience.....	253
Relief.....	257
The Mother's Work.....	258
A Beloved Son trained for the World.....	258
A Cherished Daughter trained for her Position....	261

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRUE WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

SECTION I. Heart-searching.....	266
The Natural State.....	266
The Appeal.....	272

CONTENTS.

9

	Page
The Great Change.....	276
Joining the Church.....	277
SECTION II. Piety	282
True Piety renovates the Soul.....	282
True Piety indispensable to the Balance of Mind..	286
True Piety gives Grace to the Person, and Charm to the Manners.....	289
SECTION III. Work	291
The Mind employed.....	292
The Heart engaged.....	297
The Active Powers enlisted.....	301
The Suffering.....	301
The Sabbath School.....	303
Worship and Instruction.....	304
Tract and Bible Distribution.....	305
Christian Missions.....	306

CHAPTER V.

THE TRUE WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

SECTION I. Society.....	308
Not a Prisoner nor a Slave.....	308
Not a Nun nor a Recluse.....	311
Sociables	318
Company, Select and Miscellaneous.....	328
Bearing	332

	Page
SECTION II. Enjoyment.....	334
Recreation.....	334
Traveling, Seeing, and Hearing.....	341
SECTION III. Usefulness	343
Living for the World.....	347
Talking	349
Teaching and Writing.....	352

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUE WOMAN A REALITY—MRS. MARY BRISON.

SECTION I. Husband and Ancestors.....	356
John Harris, the Pioneer.....	359
Another Generation	362
SECTION II. A Child, a Bride, and a Widow.....	364
SECTION III. A New Life.....	368
A Camp-meeting.....	368
A Trial and a Triumph.....	369
A Second Marriage.....	372
Touching Records.....	373
The Character of her Piety.....	376
Her Style of Mind and Bearing.....	381
SECTION IV. A True Woman in her Proper Sphere....	383
SECTION V. Closing Scenes.....	390
The Two Funerals.....	395
A Parting Word.....	399

THE
TRUE WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRUE WOMAN IN A BOOK.

SECTION I.—OUR STAND-POINT.

WOMAN is a sacred name. We never pronounce it but with feelings of profound respect, or of deep commiseration. We cannot use it professionally, as we would a name in science or art, and proceed coolly to write a treatise upon it, concerned only for the accuracy of its statements, the extent of its discoveries, and the originality of its speculations. This might be done; we would not affirm that it never ought to be

done; but we simply say, it is impossible for us. We have too lively and tender a recollection of a sainted mother, of her noble intellect, her deep affection, her pervading sympathies, her unremitting care, and her holy life, to say anything of woman without feeling. We know the bliss of home; and the sun of that delightful world beams upon us with a light so pure and strong, that if any intelligent, honest man should say we are half blinded to the faults of the gentler sex, we should be afraid to deny it.

We have daughters too; yes, kind reader, daughters; but perhaps you would hesitate to acknowledge the claim. They were not ours at first; we borrowed them, begged them, in fact, just as a man would beg money, or bread, or clothes, if he were destitute and suffering. We should never be educated without daughters. We could never know the world we were in, understand the delights and the trials of parents, or fill up the cup of domestic bliss with-

out them. It was kind in our friends to give them to us.

AS STRANGE AS FICTION.

There was little MARY JANE, our baby-daughter, whom good Mrs. Wright gave to us; and she taught us how to feel the thrills of parental delight, as we looked upon a sweet, blue-eyed, laughing, prattling child, and called her our own. She waked up a class of emotions entirely new, with her charming voice, and her fascinating smiles, and talk, and caresses.

She taught us parental care and suffering, when we saw her convulsed with disease, and as, night and day, for many long weeks, we bore her slender form gently in our arms, and pillowed her little head upon our throbbing bosoms.

We learned from her how the hearts of parents can glow with gratitude, as the light comes back to the eye, and the smile to the countenance of the loved one, handed gently

back to their arms by the cold hands of relenting death!

And, alas! she taught us "how much the heart can bear," when she was torn away from us by her own devoted mother, who could no longer endure the absence of her darling!

At length she taught us the wonderful care of Divine Providence, and the strange power of a daughter's love, when, near a score of years after, she wrote us the following touching letter. We cannot deny you the pleasure of reading

THE LETTER.

"It is an hour of beauty. I have been thinking of olden times. In such an hour I love to call up before my mental vision the bright departed past, and live over again my happy childhood. While musing on these scenes

'Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.'

“Conspicuous on memory’s page stand the names of those who taught me in infant years to love them, and whom I still love; those whom I was wont to call Ma and Pa. The little girl whose affections you won so early has never ceased to think of you, although she has grown to be quite a young lady. She has ever thought of the circumstances that separated us, perhaps forever, with deep regret, and the reflection that she might never receive any intelligence from you has oftentimes caused tears to flow.

“I presume you have forgotten little Mary Jane; but may I not hope that these few lines will awaken recollections of her that for many years, perhaps, have been slumbering?

“I am not the same that I was when you took me on your knee, and listened to my infant prattle. Would that I were, and as free from care. My life since that happy period has been a strange one. As you well know, ‘misery did not steal me from my birth,’ for mine was a happy, sunny child-

hood. But since the beginning of girlhood sorrow and disappointment have stood on either hand, and with their chilly breath blasted every bud of hope. Often, since we emigrated to this state, has the 'death-angel' swept over our loved cottage home, and darkened its light with his sable wings, and with his icy fingers untied the golden thread of life, and borne one loved one after another to the 'sun-lit clime.' I was first bereft of my kind father, and thus brought to shed the orphan's tear. The bitter tide had not yet gone down when Sarah, my older sister, was suddenly snatched away! The grass had not yet grown over her grave, when we received intelligence that my oldest brother, William, had died of cholera in a neighboring city!

"Thus, indeed, was our hearthstone desolate; for out of the large circle that once composed our family, there are none left at home with my dear bereaved mother but myself and one young brother.

“O what changes, solemn changes,
Have unlink'd our happy band,
Since our wand'ring feet we turn'd
Westward to the stranger's land.

“Thoughts of olden times are stirring
Deep wild music in my soul,
Echoing 'mong sweet memory's harp-chords
Notes I never can control.'

“I sit in my lonely cottage home, and

'Feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
And all but one departed.'

“Yet am I not hopeless nor cheerless, for
O! with what resplendent luster shines the
weakest Christian's prospect, through the
darkest cloud of sorrow. It is good for us
to be afflicted. It turns our thoughts and
affections from things perishable, to the un-
fading joys of heaven. I have frequently
thought that

'In this broad and beauteous world,
There is no love-lit, sinless spot,

Where sorrow's banner ne'er unfurl'd,
And hope's pale blighter cometh not.
But there's a far-off green-bower'd isle,
Where mortals weary of life's strife,
May turn aside from toil awhile,
And find a resting-place in life.'

"I have ever trusted there were sunnier hours in store for me, though now veiled by the thick curtain of futurity. Of one thing I am certain: so long as I do my duty, and endeavor to walk in that rugged but shining way, roses will spring spontaneously beneath my bleeding feet, and the Good Shepherd will lead me beside the still waters.

"Dear friends, I have often wished to ascertain where you were, so that we could interchange thought and sentiment, but could not, until the Rev. —, who is well acquainted with you, was sent among us. He is a young man.

"The few weeks I spent at your house are as fresh in my memory as an occurrence of yesterday. I think of them with pleasure,

and as long as life lasts will I cherish their memory. Ma has often observed, had she known what the future would have been, she never would have taken me from you.

"I will now close, hoping you will feel disposed to respond to this soon. One kiss for Ma Peck, (forgive me, I know no other name,) but I suppose I must not offer one to Pa Peck, as I have grown to be a young lady, although I well remember taking that liberty in former days.

"Deign to receive assurances of high consideration and esteem from

"MARY JANE."

Thank God, our beloved one, our first adopted, lives, and we shall see her! "Forgotten little Mary Jane?" Impossible! there has hardly been a time in near twenty years, when we could mention her name and repeat her well-remembered characteristic expressions without tears. Have we not some consciousness of parental affection?

Forget a few months now, and fly with us over the mountains, and vales, and rivers to the prairie land. There we are, and enjoy the delight of meeting an old student, whom we loved in college. The salutation over, and he is anxious to introduce us to his wife. We step to his boarding place, and, strange as fiction, there is our own dear Mary Jane! a lady, and the wife of an itinerant. Do you remember she said in the letter, "He is a young man?"

Imagine the meeting, the tears, the gratitude, the joy, and the parting! A bright vision had passed before us, and we had listened with indescribable tenderness to her expressions of gratitude and love; to her indisputable claim, as the eldest child, to take care of us when we were old, and especially to one strange and thrilling statement, containing a moral of high significance: "When I was with you you taught me a little prayer, and that prayer was the means of my conversion." Tell us now, have we not a daughter?

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

As I approached a lowly dwelling I heard the merry laugh of a little child. I entered, and saw at once that it was an infant on its mother's lap. I had interrupted the pleasure of a sacred moment, and was sorry. I presently relieved the embarrassment, and the frolic went on. The dear little one looked up at her mother, and then at me, and responded to my caresses in bursts of laughter that would have thrilled the soul of a misanthrope. I fell in love with the child.

The next time I saw her she was in a wood-box, looking as grave as an old woman, at hard labor! She was industriously employed in throwing the chips and other matters from the bottom of the box out on the floor, with her little hands, and face, and frock all covered with dust. She was timid now, but with a little effort we succeeded in getting her confidence. We had taken

quite a journey, in cold winter, to find her. The father and mother, for the highest purposes known to men on earth, had given us the child.

The struggle of parting, a fearful struggle, was over, and we were away with a precious little daughter, only a little more than two years old, wrapped up in the buffalo robe, and peeping out to catch a glimpse of "the wide, wide world."

We loved the child. She had learned many a hard lesson and become quite intelligent. She had been the object of deep solicitude, had learned the way of salvation, and had joined the Church, when her own mother came from a distance to see her.

A severe trial followed. We parted with the child amid tears of sorrow, not knowing when we should see her again. Little George, our adopted orphan son, in his quiet, plaintive way, said, "Pa, if I was you, when I took any more children I would take some that hadn't any father or

mother." You are quite right, my dear boy, we answered, feeling to the very depths of our souls that, had we adopted the views so sagely expressed by the little philosopher, we might have saved ourselves much of the keenest domestic sorrow we have ever known.

Long months have passed, and the dear one sighs for home. Letters of affection and sacred remembrance follow each other. Intimations come that she may soon be sent back to us. But, alas! our hopes are suddenly crushed. Our little daughter is thrown from a sleigh, her ribs are broken, she is otherwise seriously injured, and cannot come home! Do we know parental sorrow?

Thanks to a merciful Providence, our beloved child is better. By no means wanting in true affection for her own father and mother, she yet longs once more to see her foster-parents, and live again at the only home she has ever known.

And here at last she is, weeping upon our bosoms; pale, feeble, and bent over, but convalescent! You may imagine, but without similar experience can never fully appreciate, the tender joy, the fond attentions, the fervent prayers, the smiling, trembling hope which followed. Month after month, and year after year, we watched over her with deep solicitude, and no language can express the gratitude of our hearts as we saw her gradually recovering her health and her former appearance and tone of mind. You should have witnessed our delight as she gave evidence of decided progress in the common and higher English; the Latin, Greek, and French, Algebra and Geometry, and began to exhibit unusual taste in ornamental education. Carefully advanced, and tenderly restrained from severe application, she did much toward realizing the fond anticipations formed during her childhood.

Cautiously she is allowed to extend her

acquaintance, and a volunteer pledge is given, that she will receive no special attentions which do not meet our unqualified approbation. At length her choice is made, and it is ours. She is led to the bridal altar by a young man of serious, reliable character, the valedictorian of his class, and a candidate for the ministry. Amid the congratulations of the whole college, he takes her away, covered with wreaths and flowers, and bearing to his new home the fondest affections of numerous friends, and the benedictions of devoted parents.

Once more our home is without a daughter. She who pressed and bathed her mother's brow in pain, who combed her father's head, and brought his slippers when he was weary, was more another's now than ours!

The rising usefulness of our dear children gave us high satisfaction; but, gentle reader, go with us through another vale of sorrow. "The Lord hath need of them." Our

beloveds must go to a foreign field! A new mission is to be founded in India, and the bishop has chosen our children to form a part of the first mission family!

Dear Marilla is home now. Calm, dignified, devout, and thoughtful, she waits the hour of her departure. We feel that the bitterness of separation is already past. She is an offering upon God's altar, more precious than silver or gold. Honored of Him who "is too wise to err, too good to be unkind," with the privilege of training two minds for a part in the great missionary history of the world, we can but mingle our gratitude with our tears. Should we see their faces no more after their departure for their distant field, we hope to have grace enough finally to say: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

THE FAREWELL.

The brief period of preparation has passed. We have seen our daughter, with her lovely babe and honored husband, bid adieu to the paternal home. We have witnessed the solemn ordination and baptism, and the public farewell. We have knelt in our Sunday-evening family prayer-meeting with these beloved ones for the last time. We have stood on the deck of the beautiful NIOBE, and exchanged the words and signs of devoted affection till the order came to depart. We have said farewell, amid gushing tears and strong supporting grace. We have lingered on the dock till our precious babe vanished from sight, till the clear and noble brow and delicate form of our cherished daughter faded away in the distance, till the tall and manly figure of her husband, with waving signal, disappeared. We have gazed after the diminishing vessel till, gently torn away from the

spot, we said, with bursting hearts, "They are gone!" and with silent tears and triumphing faith have been able to say, "Thy will, O God, be done."

Our beloveds are on the ocean, for their far-off home amid the desolations of heathenism; and we are moving rapidly toward our home amid cherished friends and the blessings of civilization. We take out a letter, put into our hands by the hand of our beloved child, with the charge to defer the reading till she had gone! We will not withhold it from you; but as you read it, will you not breathe a prayer to Heaven to bless the missionaries?

"MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER: I cannot describe my feelings as I sit down to write. Words would fail to express them. I have said to myself over and over to-day, Can it be that this is the last Sabbath I shall ever spend in my own native land, the last time I shall ever listen to the

gospel in America? And O, can it be that this is the last Sabbath I shall spend with you, my dear parents, and my beloved brother George? God only knows the heart-struggle these reflections cost me. O, if Christ, in answer to prayer, did not sustain me by his grace, poor human nature would shrink, and refuse to endure the trial.

“I have thought of my childhood, and the many acts of kindness and parental affection which have so constantly followed me; of the patience and forbearance exercised over me in my perverseness; of the unceasing watchings over me in sickness; and, more than all, of the religious training I have had, both by your teachings and example; and O, how I thank God that I have had such a home! I can repay you only in love. My heart yearns toward you, and as the hour of my departure draws near my affections cling the closer to you. Remember always, when

you think of Marilla, that the truest love of her heart is for her foster-parents.

“If I am considered worthy of a place in the Church, and in the great missionary work, it is because God has blessed your efforts, and answered your oft-repeated prayers. It was you, my dear mother, who first taught me to pray. You led me to the foot of the cross, and first showed me the way of simple faith; and it has been in a great measure through your unceasing prayers, that I have been enabled to overcome the besetments of youth. A father’s and mother’s prayers have always followed me. I know that they go with me now, and it cheers my heart.

“I can remember, when I was but a child, wishing I could tell you how much I loved you; and now I have the same lack of words to express my feelings. I have looked forward to the time when I might, by soothing your declining years, in part repay your unceasing care for me during my early life.

This, in the providence of God, is denied me. To my dear brother George I give the privilege I so earnestly desired.

“India is to be my home, and, God helping me, my best energies shall be spent in the service of my Master in that benighted land.

“O how it comforts my poor heart to remember, that at last we shall have one home above, in heaven. I know you will not cease to think of your own Marilla; and as I ride upon the billowy ocean, and dwell in the land of the palm, this thought shall cheer me: the loved ones at home are remembering me. When Sabbath evening comes, my spirit shall mingle with yours around the throne, and, though oceans divide us, we shall hold sweet communion together.

“I can write no more. My heart is too full. You know, all of you, how devotedly I love you. I need not repeat it. O how my heart bleeds when I say farewell! Farewell, my mother, my father, my brother.

“Your devoted

MARILLA.”

To this affecting farewell we respond only in the heart's pure love, and in profound submission to the will of Almighty God.

Surely that infant charge intrusted to us was a special providence, the import of which can, even now, be but partly understood. Eternity will reveal it.

Saying nothing of Kate and Ida, two helpless ones committed to our care, and who are yet to be reared for God and humanity, we trust our readers' kindness will allow, that while we have had opportunity to appreciate and understand the subjects discussed in this work, we have good reasons for yielding to the profoundest sympathies of our theme. We wish to present to the world the true ideal, and, as far as practicable, the grand realization of the true woman—what she ought to be, what she may be, what she is when the evils of human depravity are successfully combated, the disabilities of fallen humanity are triumphed over, and she shines in heaven's pure light and in her own exalted sphere.

SECTION II.—GRAVE RESPONSIBILITIES.

ON OUR GUARD.

WE are not blind to the fact that it is a serious matter for any author to attempt the discussion of such a theme. If we knew that but a single female mind would be directly and permanently influenced for good or evil, we should feel obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, for none but Omniscience can tell the infinite results of that influence, as it passes into individual and social life, and bears upon the destinies of uncounted millions forever.

We are responsible to the sex in relation to whom we venture to write. They will not deem it of trifling interest, that their condition and relations, their hopes and fears, their privileges and perils, are thoroughly and fearlessly discussed. We know they will hold us to a severe account for all we say, and we calmly consent to it.

We are far from expecting to please all; and should we be so unfortunate as to displease many, we can only ask for careful reconsideration of our positions and arguments. But we affirm the full belief, that the convictions and aspirations of American women, generally, are decidedly in favor of the reforms we shall indicate. We therefore dread only our responsibility to them for the manner in which we shall execute the task we have undertaken.

We are responsible to the families which may be influenced by the views we express. To do anything, to write anything that shall mold the hearts or form the lives of those who must decide the domestic comfort and social position of the household, is to assume a responsibility which no man can fully define or comprehend.

We are responsible to coming generations, as we verily believe, to the end of time; for should the duration of the work be long or short, we feel that its effects must extend

beyond our present power of estimation. No man writes merely for the passing hour. His book may pass from the notice and the memory of the world, but if he has gained a single reader, as he surely will, the thoughts, and feelings, and impulses he has produced or revived, have entered into the life-current of the future, and become a part of the characters and destinies of unborn generations. We have no sympathy for that affectation of modesty which induces an author to intimate a trifling claim upon the consideration of a reading people; or for that want of conviction and sensibility which would allow him to proceed upon the supposition, that, if he does but little good, he shall not do much harm. Utterly impossible. Were it in our power, we would condemn to eternal oblivion the unread manuscript of a writer who assumes that he is entering no account with coming millions, and who is consulting only the mode of turning to selfish use the wants and woes, the blood and tears, the vices and virtues of

his unfortunate race. Such are our views of the grave responsibility we are here distinctly recognizing, that we would not write a line, without first lifting up our heart to God for illumination and grace to comprehend and fulfill our mission.

A HIGHER TRIBUNAL.

We know full well that above and beyond all that is human, and that belongs to this life, is our accountability to the Searcher of hearts, and at the bar of retributive justice. We here tremblingly refer to a standard that we cannot reach, and to a scrutiny that alone we cannot endure. We are quite too well aware of human infirmities, and of our own in particular, to assert any claims to an adjustment of our mind, or heart, or pen to the scrutiny of infinite Justice, without the gracious aid and merits of the Redeemer. These, we know, are, by amazing condescension, within our reach, and we most devoutly implore them; but we write with the profound conviction

that we must meet the legitimate influence of every line at the final judgment! Most gladly, therefore, would we forbear to write; but we feel the demands of imperative duty to contribute our best endeavors toward the correction of evils which stretch out far beyond our present vision. Time hastens. The privilege of useful labor in behalf of humanity is brief. We cannot consent to restrict our efforts within the narrow limits of personal acquaintance, while we have the power to reach multitudes whom we can never see.

Under these convictions we proceed to the work before us, with no right whatever to ask the indulgence of our readers for a wrong position in the book, or a dangerous impulse resulting from it.

SECTION III.—A FORESHADOWING.

MARKED CONTRASTS.

NOT AN ACCIDENT.

WE propose to speak of the true woman, in distinction from the woman of accident, who, without resistance, yields to whatever influences surround her, who allows herself to be formed and controlled by the accident of her birth, her physical condition, her natural inclinations, her company, her pecuniary circumstances. Her life is without principle, without aim. She is such a woman as she happens to be, or if at all better or worse than the multitude about her, it is to be attributed to a providence, or influences entirely out of herself.

The true woman may have commenced life under circumstances in no respect more auspicious than the woman of accident; but she early feels herself to be an individual, a conscious, intelligent, responsible being, and

hence resolves to alter and control her circumstances, according to a purpose of elevation and usefulness which she has distinctly formed. Nothing is allowed to act upon her character or destiny without her scrutiny, her concurrence, or resistance. She is a woman of motives, of aims, of effort; and hence largely the fabricator of her own fortunes.

NOT WICKED.

We shall present the true woman in distinction from the unregenerate woman. Depravity is the sad inheritance of every human being. We are a degenerate race. Woman stands not forth in the moral perfection and loveliness of Eden. The crown has fallen from her head. Her glory is departed. She may have retained her form of beauty, but it is marred by disease. She may have her original intellect, but it is enfeebled by sin and enshrouded in darkness. She may have her primary moral constitution, but it is in ruins. As truthfully as of the descendants

of Abraham, as of the sterner sex, may it be said of her, "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." She may have the "natural goodness" and the gentle loveliness of woman, but she is a sinner in the sight of God. She turns her eye back upon the past, and sees a life of vanity and neglect, and a sense of guilt rests heavily upon her soul. She looks within, and beholds "the image of the earthly," where she ought to see only "the image of the heavenly." Her laughing joy is, by a thought of sin and of death, turned to fearful sadness and gloomy forebodings of future wrath. Her instinctive desire to do good is marred by selfishness in a thousand forms. Her frequent resolutions of reform are antagonized by inward degeneracy. Her arch enemy attacks her with fearful advantage. And all this proves to herself, to the world, that she is not the being God intended in the creation of woman. Alas! she feels that the distance is wide between her natural condition and that of the lovely

angel who, for a brief hour, walked and smiled amid Eden's sacred bowers.

The true woman may be in no circumstance of birth, or intellect, or social adaptation, her superior, but she is born again. She has recognized the world's sovereign remedy, and been healed of her natural maladies. With Mary of Bethany, she has found her place at the Master's feet, and gazed long, and with subdued sorrow and holy confidence, into the beaming countenance of Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus. From the dearest hopes and fondest delights of worldly fallen woman, she has turned away, to seek the repose of her spirit in the uncreated glories of the Godhead, and the smiles of Him who spake as never man spake. The burden of her heart has been graciously removed, so that, "being justified by faith, she has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." A new and mysterious life has sprung up within her soul, and she has seized immortality for the development of her powers, and

the sweep of her affections. She is no longer merely a creature of earth, but something of the light of another world beams from her eye and irradiates her brow. A heaven-inspired dignity appears in her expression and movements, and an elevation in her manifestations of character, which shows her allied to purer spirits on high. Nor does she rest where she makes her first conquests. Her spirit pants for yet a higher and holier life, and struggles up to the realization of her purchased possession on earth—complete purity and perfect love. In brief, the true woman is a Christian, a consecrated, holy, living, growing Christian.

NOT ARTIFICIAL.

We shall, moreover, present the true woman in distinction from the artificial woman. It is painful, and even ludicrous, to see with what infinite effort the true native grace of female character is distorted by art. The person is pressed out of its natural form of

symmetry and beauty; the constitution is diseased by luxuries in diet; the expression is lowered in tone by excessive indulgence in sleep, and extravagance in amusements; art, not content with coming to the relief of nature, when worn with age or marred by misfortune, seeks to change, improve, and embellish the perfection of a Divine creation! In her attire, woman not unfrequently sacrifices true taste to the glitter of ornament, and the extravagance of fashion; in her education she sacrifices the solid and real for the visionary and the merely ornamental; in her manners she suffers an affectation of gayety to take the place of true cheerfulness; of diffidence, the place of true modesty; of reserve and stiffness, the place of genuine confidence and cordiality; in conversation, she affects refinement in language and pronunciation, and minces, and laughs, and talks, and flutters about nothing. With her own sex she is suspicious, haughty, and capricious; with the other a flirt and a coquette. At

home she is excessively particular in some things, and negligent in others; rigid, exacting, fretful, complaining, and blustering; disconcerted when company comes; always preparing and never ready; proud of her table and full of apologies. Such is the woman of art.

The true woman, by duly observing the indications of creative wisdom, becomes familiar with the laws of physical health and beauty, and obeys them. In her costume she gives expression and effect to natural grace, and relieves deformities which she cannot remedy. In her education she seeks a just symmetry in the cultivation of body, mind, and heart, and, with infinite caution, forms a solid basis for whatever of ornament she has time and taste to acquire. At home she is calm, orderly, energetic, and agreeable. In society she is willing to appear what she is. Truth the very soul of her thought, and feeling, and bearing, you can rely upon her

professions, and be profited by her company. Her conversation is about *something*. She disdains the frivolous emptiness of fashionable talk, and seeks to gain or impart information, with delicate discrimination in regard to time, and company, and circumstances. In brief, she is simply and elegantly at ease wherever she is, with her natural graces educated, developed, adjusted, and purified, but not marred, buried, annihilated, or substituted: the creation of God, and not of ignorant, conceited, perverted man.

NOT USELESS.

Finally, we shall present the true woman in distinction from the useless woman. We would not be understood to use the term useless in its strongest sense. It is said that "nothing is made in vain;" and however negligent either men or women may be of the noble purpose of their creation, nay, though they may be so abandoned as to

be the causes or occasions of great harm to society, we are not sufficiently intelligent to be able to say that they accomplish no purpose. In the economy of God they may have some place; they may illustrate some principle in the Divine government, and hence not be in every sense utterly useless, and yet, in a just expression of finite knowledge, they are so.

The useless woman may have tolerable health, and good physical abilities, but she has a conceit that it is not lady-like to labor. She has cultivated the idea that work is servile and undignified, degrading, indeed, and hence she utterly declines to avail herself of the physical power which her Maker has given her. The hands and muscles of servants were made for toil, but hers merely for symmetry and beauty. Their feet were to be used to walk on, but hers for graceful attitude and movement in the drawing-room or ball-room; and whenever locomotion is required, she must

ride. It is vulgar for *a lady* to walk, except on Broadway or some other fashionable promenade!

We are far from seeking to abolish all distinctions in society. It is ridiculous to think of it. Inequality of rank and condition must exist, so long as there are diversities of talent and taste, and division of labor; but useful employment, in proportion to health and strength, is the high duty of every human being. The technical lady is *now* allowed to work, provided what she does is perfectly useless! She may embroider, but not make a dress! She may make flowers, but not darn a stocking! She may make music, but not coffee! She may dress dolls, but not babies! She may be an exquisite judge of viands on the table, but must carefully avoid the slightest claim to know how they are prepared! She may dismiss her cook, but she must get another, or starve!

Now, with all possible delicacy, we pro-

nounce this nonsense : nay, it is the greatest social calamity of any age ; an artificial basis, contrary to the will of God, and the indications of nature, upon which it is utterly impossible to construct a healthy social order. Need we show that it reduces the mistress of a family to a state of dependence, that it compels her to acknowledge the superiority of her servants, and subjects her to numberless annoyances, and even insults, which she may not endure, and yet cannot avoid, because she is not a practical woman ? Her temper is injured, her personal comforts are abridged, her family is often unhappy, her own physical energies are undeveloped, her health is impaired, her valuable time is lost, and her daughters are reared under the influence of false opinions and a pernicious example. Indeed, again and again she feels that her very soul is teased out of her. She knows the remedy, but has neither the courage nor the skill to apply it. The real opinions of

the most accomplished ladies of America, upon this subject, are quite different from what they are supposed to be. Almost to an individual they deprecate this evil, and acknowledge its source. Many a splendid woman, could she be left to her own convictions, would make any sacrifice, within the limits of reason, to be a competent practical housekeeper. We pronounce it the growing conviction of the most cultivated minds, male and female, north and south, that the true dignity of woman requires reform at precisely this point; and we hail the slightest tendency to this result with undisguised satisfaction.

The true woman is not above useful labor. She learns it with interest, and insists upon being practically acquainted with every domestic branch of it. She can be, because she is, the leading mind in her household affairs; and if by any means she should be suddenly deprived of her help, she can with her own hands supply the deficiency

If, by unexpected providences, she should be deprived of means, or left alone, she can fall upon her practical skill and her industrious habits, as an effectual security against distress or degrading dependence. If her situation allows it, she may avail herself of a division of labor, and assign to other hands that which they are best suited to do; but never be idle herself. With just convictions of interest and responsibility, she will never be at a loss for useful employment. Should the demands of her own family fail to require her time and energetic application, the requirements of benevolence are actually unlimited.

Nor may she forget that she has a mind to be improved, a heart to be regulated and employed, and her very industry and economy of time will secure her ample opportunities for this method of occupation.

The useless woman relieves no distress, administers to no individual comfort, diffuses no spirit of improvement, or intellectual

vigor, or spiritual health in society. Her type was seen by a friend of ours, who, in conversation with one of these senseless triflers, upon the aims of life, took the liberty to ask what was the object of her life. Her reply was elegantly lisped in the following shameful language: "I don't know, only just to breathe!" How many immortal beings, intelligent creatures of God, if they were to acknowledge the truth, would be compelled to say they live only to breathe.

THE LADY.

It is doubtless too late to object to the popular use of the term lady. It is, indeed, a charming word, but we deprecate its abuse in two directions. Its complimentary and its restricted use are both public calamities. Applied to all females, without regard to character, it is degraded, and loses its power to mark and promote that true elevation and refinement to which it properly belongs.

Multitudes in America are termed ladies, rather than women, to avoid offending them, if not to compliment them; and the term becomes the convenient method of professed elevation to many who have not the qualities of a genuine lady, while it really becomes unsuitable to the purpose to which it ought to be consecrated.

On the other hand, there is an attempt to restrict the use of the term to women of pretensions. Women distinguished merely by wealth, or gayety, or affectation of refinement, with various aristocratic airs, would monopolize the term lady, and scornfully turn away from their sisters of humbler condition, irrespective of the soul within them, however pure and elevated in purpose and life. This is a failure in republican America. And we confess we have less regrets for the undue extension of the term first objected to, for the reason that it has aided largely to defeat its extravagant comprehension. We deem it less an evil that

it should comprehend simply the idea of the sex, and so extend to all, than that it should comprehend the innumerable technicalities and pretensions of birth and form, manners and dress, private penance and social display, which would shut it up to the few who are ladies by profession.

THE CLASSES.

To express precisely our own views, we recognize three classes.

Those who fail to respect themselves, who disregard the virtues and amenities of good society, who persist in ignorance and coarseness, and those who give all their energies to the promotion of selfish ends, are *females*, but they are not ladies, nor true women.

Those who, to the genuine virtues of the heart, add refinement in taste, propriety of expression and deportment, grace in manners, a due consideration for the rights, and feelings, and necessities of all classes, and who, by character and beneficence, diffuse a genial,

purifying, and elevating influence throughout the community, are *ladies*, irrespective of rank and fortune.

But active goodness is the grand characteristic of the true *woman*. She appreciates the peculiar qualities and significance of female mind; she recognizes the responsibilities of her relations; she understands and feels her rights, and, with becoming dignity, asserts them; she lives for others, and values no sacrifice or effort required for the accomplishment of her mission. She will hence be found in all grades of temporal condition and worthy occupation, and may be a servant, a lady, or a heroine.

A DESIGN.

Our readers will now be sufficiently aware of our object in writing. We have a distinct character before us, an ideal which, we believe, in every essential particular, may be realized. We have foreshadowed the substance of the work, and shall have no

further occasion for precise definitions. The mere female and the lady are obvious, and likely to attract attention, but the true woman is not so easily or generally recognized. We would exalt her before the eyes of the world. We would exhibit her noble qualities, for the admiration and imitation of her sex. If we are not wholly mistaken, it is not the formation of ladies, even in our own sense of the term, so much as of true women, that the condition and wants of society demand. It is at least certain that the struggle for distinction, in professional ladyship, ought in some way to be arrested, and the demonstration before the minds of Americans should be clear and forcible, that the true woman is above the technical lady, including all her valuable qualities, and many of inestimable importance to which she may have no claim.

Thus have we developed our true reasons for attempting to put the true woman in a book.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRUE WOMAN FORMED.

SECTION I.—ANCESTRY.

WE are no friends of caste in society, but we differ from the common opinion in this country, that there is no importance in family. Granting that each individual has a distinct character and responsibility, and a right to such a reputation as personal merit would give, we cannot overlook the influence of hereditary qualities entering into that character. We know little, it is true, of the force of descending elements through the channel of successive generations; but the following particulars, well established by physiology and history, are worthy of consideration.

STUBBORN FACTS.

Much of physical conformation and condition is certainly hereditary. It is not unworthy of the philosopher, in the study of man, to learn from analogy the influence of "blood" in the animal structure. Long-continued observation shows that superior and inferior qualities belong to the blood of particular classes, for many generations back. In like manner will the size and proportions, the health and durability of the human figure, depend largely upon parentage. Slow and wasting diseases may descend from generation to generation, and mar the form and torture the minds of children, when no remedy is possible, as the cause lies far back in the family history, beyond the reach of human knowledge or skill.

The intimate connection between the body and mind is a well-established fact. If a noble spirit for a time triumphs over the feebleness and morbid excitability of a

diseased body, it is the result of a severe and perilous struggle. Such a case constitutes the exception, and not the rule. The present depraved condition of humanity gives the animal in man a vast advantage over the spiritual and immortal part. If in no other way, therefore, inevitable sympathy between the mental and the physical condition would make the law of hereditary influence certain and important.

But who can say that this is all? How many evidences force themselves upon the observing, that mean and groveling family characteristics may be traced from father to son, from mother to child, even where separation from infancy has prevented the possibility of social effect. Tendencies to rank and occupation, vices and virtues, similar to those which have obtained in ancestors, though frequently modified and overcome, are generally evident and strong; so that, in the choice of companions for life, it is not wise to overlook the family history. Marked

exceptions there doubtless are; noble examples of the power of heroic effort to break the spell, and lay the foundation of a new family, the possibility of which should save any mind of elevated aspirations from despair, and produce a courage which is itself a triumph. A fortunate cross in family blood may enter largely into every such change; and this would seem not unfrequently to be a providential charge.

But we have introduced these remarks, not so much to suggest the responsibility of ancestors for the style of physical, intellectual, and moral character which they send down to unborn generations, (though this is important,) as to intimate that we have a choice in families for the candidates for the honors of true womanhood.

Our principal demand must, however, be that they give us no hereditary diseases, no marked idiosyncrasies, but leave our experimental children with good healthy blood, sound animal tissue, and strong, perfect

organization. With these we can reasonably hope to succeed.

SECTION II.—THE NURSERY.

See that lovely babe! How sweetly she sleeps in her mother's arms! What exquisite perfection in every feature! Her rosy lip, her double chin, her round, fair little face, her high, expansive forehead, her breathing nostrils! What art could rival the workmanship of God? See! She smiles now! What thoughts are these, my darling babe, that move thy cherub soul? What angel-whispers now fall softly on thy spirit-ear? What visions of thy future now flit over thee? Sleep on, my precious babe.

She wakes! A sigh comes up from her little quivering heart, as if to say, there are sorrows for me in this new strange world. Thanks to the wisdom of the infinite One, they are veiled for the present. How charming the expression of intelligence in

her little restless eye! How she wonders where she is, and who and what are these around her! Ah! she already reveals the beginnings of knowledge. She responds, with soft and gentle love, to her mother's tender caresses.

TAKE CARE OF THE BABY.

"What does make the babe worry so?" Bless you, fond mother, you are poisoning your child! You have given it for food, the extracts of that vile narcotic which you took into your stomach in the prescription of your physician, that murderous alcohol, which you were made to think would come to nature's aid in supplying nourishment for your babe. Dash it away. Do not permit yourself and your cherished offspring to be the victims of so gross a superstition, so absurd a custom. Gently stimulate your system with plain nutritious food and wholesome drinks. Beef tea, the *essence* of good rich steak, and finally the

steak itself, with good fresh vegetables and no condiments, light, cold home-made bread, rich new milk, and pure cold water, will give health and vigor to your system, and nature's own nourishment to your growing child.

"The babe seems uneasy. It breathes with difficulty, and cries out suddenly, as if in pain. The nurse—" O, the nurse! Dear madam, we were sincerely upon the point of wishing there had never been such a being as a nurse in the world. With all due consideration for the good young women, and kind old dames, who, with such infinite dignity and authority, fill this office, we have really a mind to ask them if they will not be kind enough just to annihilate themselves, and let the good grand-mother, or aunt, or even little sister, and finally the mother herself, take care of the baby. At all events, lay aside your everlasting gross of pins, your caps, and your smothering blankets, your hot teas, and

your medicine doses. We cannot endure your ridiculous *art*. We want to make a woman, not a poor, pinched-up, deformed, feeble, suffering dwarf, of our baby. Bring its little under-clothes just comfortably up to its tender, yielding, growing form, and put on a nice large slip, with an easy tie, and leave its little arms, and neck, and head bare. Give it a chance to feel the air in which it is to live, and room to stretch and grow. My dear madam, don't you see how the little thing springs, and laughs, ready to jump out of your arms, and take care of itself?

Why how is that babe becoming so pale again? Is she sick? What is the matter? "I do not know. We have given it everything we can think of. We nurse it night and day. We haven't dared to let the air touch it, and have only washed it with a little warm water. We don't know what to do. We have tried to obey the doctor's orders strictly, and—" The doctor's orders!

You are doctoring your child to death. Dismiss your doctor, and try to use a little common sense. Give us your babe. We wrap it up carefully for the present, (changes must not be too abrupt,) and carry it into another warm room. The babe is not harmed. Now take the mother away, and throw open the doors and windows of that prison of a nursery. Let in a full supply of God's pure air. Let it rush through and expel all the deadly gases that have hid themselves away there. Clean out the room, and dust it thoroughly, and then close the doors and windows for a little while, till the fresh air comes to a gentle summer temperature, and now bring the mother and the babe back again.

Why, sure as you live, the little darling smiles once more ! Where has it been ? It has been abroad ! And now see its little chest expanding ! See with what delight its little lungs inhale the nice fresh air for which it has so long pined.

“Wonder if it will need the rest of this medicine?”

Medicine! What is it? Don't talk to us about drugs for a tender babe. It takes a hard, strong man to endure them, and even he may thank his stars if he triumphs in the unnatural battle, and finally escapes with his life. This fine, pure, exhilarating air is the medicine for our little miniature true woman. You have nearly spoiled her with your medicine.

How sweetly the babe did sleep last night, and how charmingly she smiles upon her mother this morning! Well, now, let in a little more fresh air. My dear, how grateful it is to mother and child. Now close the window and wash the baby; but do not scald it with hot water; just take the chill off for now, but hereafter make it cooler every time, until it is perfectly cold; and then scrub the little thing right smartly every day, from head to foot. See how it springs and laughs for joy, as the

glow comes over its baby sense. The doctor calls, and is astonished with the effect of his last prescription? It has operated better than he expected! Don't think it will be necessary for him to call again!

THE COUNTRY! THE COUNTRY!

The air of the city is too hot and confined as the summer comes on. Better take that babe into the country. Leave behind you the suffocating room, the stagnant air, the fetid odors, the blistering side-walks, the smothering dust, and the everlasting din of the city, and move out a little into God's free world.

How soon the pale, thin cheek begins to swell and redden with health; how soon you hear the ring of the joyous laugh, and see the little trembling one, who began to walk by chairs, standing firmly erect, and stepping proudly off, look back in triumph to its mother, as if to say, "See me walk alone." How the child eats and grows.

Stay as long as you can. Better, indeed, for our little true woman, if you need not go back at all. We want her to have country milk to drink, country air to breathe, country diet from the first, and country room and freedom to run, and play, and grow without let or hinderance. Indeed, it would have been better had she been born in the country; for no little risk has been run in the foul floating elements of disease she has taken in, which in the country she would have avoided.

Let us then state distinctly, that in the nursery we must begin to form the true woman. If, through the inexperience or neglect of the mother, or the nurse, or other attendants, the nourishment of the child is unnatural, its habit is adjusted to give pain, distort the body, and prevent its regular growth; if it is drugged instead of nursed; if it is steamed, or left in a soiled condition, instead of being frequently and thoroughly washed in cold pure water; if it is left to

breathe confined, infected air, instead of pure fresh air, we shall find the elements of disease ineradicable, and a feeble, unhealthy child will be unable to endure the physical activity and toil, and perform the mental labor, which the highest style of the true woman implies.

DON'T SEND THE BABY TO SCHOOL.

The sphere of the nursery extends further. Though the child can walk alone, and would be deemed by some old enough to learn her letters, she yet belongs to the nursery, and not to the school-room. We would energetically protest against the fashionable practice of passing children off from the hands of the mother at the earliest possible moment. It must be extremely difficult for mothers who do this to vindicate themselves from the charge of cold, unnatural selfishness in such an act. Certainly nothing in nature, or philosophy, or experience can indicate the beginnings of a student's

life, at three, four, or five years of age. It must be extreme ignorance of the physical and mental conformation of childhood, which, solely for the benefit of the child, would follow the absurd custom of shutting up a mere infant, for six hours in a day, in a school-room, where all its active impulses are checked, its natural elasticity is restrained, and its physical symmetry and vigor utterly ruined by confinement upon a hard seat, and in a fixed position. If the crime of "false imprisonment" ever deserved exemplary punishment, it is certainly under precisely these circumstances.

"Home, sweet home," is the place for a child. It is vain to assert that the education of the child must be early commenced. It cannot study, ought not, must not study. And never, more than at this tender age, does it need the sympathy, the attention, the active love of a mother, the warm and genial influences of home. We beg you not to make your child a stranger in your

own house, nor hand it over to the tender mercies of a school-teacher. Whatever may be his competency, or hers, the engagement was not in the capacity of a nurse, but of instructor. Should all the kindness of a genuine heart incline to fond and faithful attention, there is no time for it. Amid the hurry and distractions of a crowd, and the hard toil of a long school day, your child will be left cruelly alone, to invent her own methods of relief, to repine at the wrongs she cannot remedy; and, be assured, her natural sense of justice will rise up in rebellion against the injuries which she feels, but cannot successfully resist.

We know it may be said that many children have no homes, or those which are worse than none, and it is hence an act of mercy to compel the attendance of such children at school. No! we protest, not at the tender age we are discussing. True, they are rightfully a public charge, and doubtless generally, in such cases, should be

removed to some humane asylum; but even there let them be provided with a home, the nearest possible approach to a warm, generous, real home, and a nursery in that home, with all the combinations that the health and development of body and mind may require. But should the legal rights of incompetent or unnatural parents interfere with such arrangements, the only remedy is in the Christian improvements which will reform such homes, and raise them to the comfort and healthy moral influences contemplated in this work. The true woman must be one grand and indispensable agent in the transformations of the domestic circle, which the reform for which we write imperatively demands. We have strong encouragement to labor. Everything done in this direction is progress, and really upon a large scale; for the formation of one true woman, may make a thousand happy homes, may start a train of domestic and social improvements which

shall move on with widening influence and extended power to the very end of time.

A GOOD TIME GENERALLY.

The term nursery must not be too strictly construed. At the age of which we are writing, there must be an out-doors to the nursery; for the development of the muscles, as well as for free air, there must be room; and never, for any single day, should the child, not absolutely sick, be confined in-doors.

Look at the lamb, the calf, the colt, the young gazelle, whose elastic bound, and wild and playful antic airs, reveal the thrill of pleasure which their freedom gives; and would you seize and bind them, or shut them up in a "nursery," merely out of kindness to them, for fear they will hurt themselves, or that they might be more tenderly cared for? Absurd, indeed, the very idea! And why do the muscles, and tendons, and joints of other animals need action, more than those of children? "I want to make a

good animal," said an affectionate father, in explanation of "the liberty of the yard," and other privileges which he allowed to his child. A wise saying; for we have a noble animal nature, which is intimately connected with the immortal mind, and the life, and health, and vigor of which must be extensively concerned in the intellectual and spiritual development demanded by the objects of our creation, and the laws of our being. Human muscle, like any other animal fiber, becomes weak, inflexible, and deformed by confinement and depression.

With emphasis, then, we would say, as soon as the child is capable of locomotion, let her move. Give her freedom of action in her room, and then about the house, and then in the yard, and do not allow her to be watched, and scolded, and restrained at every point by her *nurse*, if she must have one. Give her as much as possible of the company of her mother instead of her nurse, that she may feel the kindness

and flow of maternal affection, feel that she is not a cast-off for mere convenience, and not be practically invited to transfer her affections to another, and to adopt a model in feeling, language, and manners, sure to be below the maternal standard. Let the mother often join the play, and be a child again; she will be a better woman, and live the longer for it. Give our little true woman the company of her sisters and brothers, if she has them, that the play may be brisk and soul-inspiring; and then let her run, and jump, and swing, and talk, and laugh, as God intended she should. Dear little child, how happy she is. Do not be frightened out of your senses if a little sprinkle of rain should fall upon her, or the wind should blow about the yard quite briskly, or the cold should begin to make an idle out-door child shiver. Let the frolic go on every day, somewhere; out-doors, if possible, but if not, then in the house.

And let me beg you, do not take away

all the zest of the thing by mechanical rules, and constant concern that the child will somehow hurt herself. Do not perpetually repeat the demand for *silence* in the little group. *Silence!* Why, you might as well cry *silence* to the sporting, singing birds, or the dancing mountain rill, as to that little company of joyous children, who have just as much reason for free action as any of the animal creation, and are a thousand times more happy. How we do abhor that affectation of family government that moves a parent to order a child to sit down and be still, because company has come. The very fact that it does not do it when it is told, that the parent waxes stormy and angry, and has to resort to physical force to get it down, is evidence that revolting nature has not been wholly subdued by the violence of art, and that a most dangerous reaction and spirit of insubordination have been already superinduced by this strange folly (we had almost said madness) of

mistaken parents, in attempting to do what never ought to be done. Many a time have we felt like interposing a mild suggestion, not to say an indignant rebuke, where some indiscreet or ill-natured parent has abruptly interfered with the innocent talk and glee of a company of artless children, making a thousand times more disturbance than the children would, had they just been left to go on with their innocent enjoyments. Let the play-room and grounds be quite remote from the receiving-room, or parlor, if possible; but if not, let the dear children take comfort with the rest of the family. At least, do not send them out for us. We love to hear the joyous prattle and hearty laugh of a child.

But is there to be no restraint? Most certainly there is; and all along through the very period about which we are writing. Do not, however, be in haste upon this point. You will find it in its place. Just here we are pleading for the

freedom, the happiness, the action which healthy physical and mental development requires. Our child is yet at home, in the nursery. We want the nursery enlarged, to give more room and better air; we wish it to take in the yard, (never the street without a protector,) and, if it be possible, good large pastures, meadows, groves, hills, and dales in the country, where the streamlet murmurs, where the lamb skips and plays, and where the birds sing, and the fresh green grass, and graceful foliage, and golden harvests wave in the breeze, and the happy children join the glad acclaim amid the quivering, dancing, shouting glories of creation's God. This is the way we would begin to make a true woman.

HARD; BUT MUST BE DONE.

It is now time to say something of government in the nursery. Success in rearing children will require that they should early feel the presence of law. This is no contra-

diction of the doctrines we have just been urging. It is, on the contrary, in exact harmony with them. We have been recognizing the presence of one great law, the law of breathing, and action, and enjoyment which the children feel struggling within them. This is God's law, which he has written everywhere upon animate nature, and nowhere more legibly than upon the bodies and souls of men. We can never infract it with impunity; but there are other laws equally sacred.

Over and pervading all these is the law of subordination, which it is evidently the will of God that children should realize. The parent is, for the time being, the responsible governor of the child; and much earlier than is generally supposed, the influence of consistent authority may be decisive. It is asserted by some eminent for practical wisdom, that as soon as the child begins to show temper, it may be checked and subdued even by punishment. Our rule

would be a little more general and, we think, better guarded. Whatever is dangerous or wrong for the child to do, should be prevented if possible. Harm may be much earlier than crime. For instance, it will harm the child to form a habit of crying. As an indication of pain, or an expression of want, crying is the language of nature, and should not be suppressed without discrimination. On the contrary, it should be carefully noticed, as a means of ascertaining the physical condition and the reliefs required. But when it passes into a habit, and becomes the mode of venting angry passion or resentment, it certainly can and should be remedied. Sternness of look, the persistent *hush*, and true firmness, will accomplish it, and the child of suitable age, thoroughly taught this lesson for once or twice, will probably never forget it. Thenceforward the authority of the parent should be regularly and invariably recognized, and, if necessary, enforced.

The grand instrument of parental government is love. True parental affection will never needlessly afflict the child, on the one hand, nor cruelly spare it, on the other. Good judgment here must take the place of all technical rules.

The law of nutrition is next in order, and from the first must demand the attention and interference of the parent. Nature prompts the child to eat and drink, and we suppose, if there had been no depravation of nature by any means, its teachings, as to kind and quantity, would have been perfect. But such is not now the fact. A plain, wholesome diet, it is true, is the choice of some children, but not of all. A morbid love of sweets and the richest pastry soon develops itself, and the little child has no judgment to guide it. Here the discretion (alas! we may say much more frequently, indiscretion) of the parent comes in. If it is allowed unrestrained indulgence, it will take into its delicate stomach the flavored poisons of

the confectioner, and the unhealthy mixtures of the professional cook, instead of the good, wholesome nourishment which the system requires. Let the interdict at this point be peremptory. The indulgence must not be allowed. We frankly avow our fondness for the old maxim our mother taught us: "Bread and milk is the best food for little boys," and girls too. We affirm that we have seen the heartiest, strongest children raised almost entirely on bread and milk, Indian pudding and milk, and bean porridge. With these a moderate use of healthy meats, fresh and salt, with as little as possible of animal oils, and a free use of fresh vegetables and ripe fruits, for food, and pure milk and cold water (no tea, or coffee, or alcoholic liquors) for drink, will give health to the stomach, purity to the blood, equilibrium to the circulation, strength to the animal fiber, and tone to the whole system. To give the child such a diet, and deny the one proscribed, the parent must be proof against

morbid appetite, childish coaxing, teasing, and tears, the fond interference of grandmothers, aunts, and cousins, and all the power of vicious fashion.

QUITE SLEEPY.

To determine the hour of retiring and of rising in the morning, belongs to the parent. The child has not sufficient judgment for this. At first nature is its own prompter, in regard to the time and duration of sleep, and were our humanity perfect, as God made it, we presume this would be invariably so. In the present state, however, innumerable circumstances interfere with just physical laws. As a general rule, *the little child* should retire early. As weariness and drowsiness come on, the demand for repose should be promptly gratified. But, long before the child has maturity of mind to appreciate the danger, habit in this direction will tend seriously to shorten life. When the usual early hour of retiring arrives, the

sense of weariness, and a desire to sleep, will come on; and as soon as she is old enough to study, or be otherwise usefully employed, premature sleep will interfere with her duty. You will say, this is of small consequence in the nursery. But the government of the nursery is not merely for its own time. Our object just now, is to prevent forming a habit in the nursery which will be injurious in after life.

As soon as the little one begins to show an interest in what is going on, the parent should seek to gratify and extend it; and the hour of retiring, which at first was perhaps six o'clock, should be gradually deferred to seven, eight, and nine. Do you ask the object? We promptly answer, to lengthen life. How long will it be before there are lessons to get, and knitting and sewing to do, and a good bright evening is worth half a day. We insist that there is a strong and dangerous vice in the common public sentiment on this subject, which, for

every individual, annihilates years of a brief and precious life, and the time to remedy the evil is in childhood. Careful attention to the movements of the little folks will enable a parent to interfere just in time to prevent the habit of drowsiness, and becoming regularly good for nothing, as the shades of evening come on.

If it be asked, What are the measures? we answer, first of all, let the child take an interest and a part in the conversation going on. We object utterly to the custom of suppressing all curiosity in children. Should a little one, from a living instinct, suddenly ask a question, or venture a remark, it should not be harshly ordered to be still. If it is to be treated as a stranger, an outsider rather than a valued member, in its place, of the happy family group, it will feel no interest in keeping awake, and might as well go to sleep. Of course there are proprieties in all this, of which the parent must be the judge; but the proprieties certainly cannot be in a

practical and despotic exclusion of the growing little one from the sympathies of "the home circle." The interest which we insist upon will wake up the little fellow, who would otherwise learn to waste his evenings; and, in after years, it will help to form those powerful home attractions that are needed to antagonize those dangerous outside diversions which are the ruin of youth and the bane of domestic bliss.

Occasional interruptions, after the student life of your child begins, will be of great advantage. Before eight o'clock, the good-sized girl or boy will begin to lose the tone of mind which study requires. Then let all hands turn to for a wake up. Father, mother, son, and daughter, should join the entertainment, talking, playing, laughing, and singing with joyful freedom, until every member is inspired with new life, and then with what zest will the little fellows return to their lessons. This, of course, assumes there are lessons to be studied. Of all this

we shall write expressly in another section. But let no one suppose, or object here, that we are advocating a hot-bed, coercive system of education. Far otherwise. In this place we have but a single point in view. It is by no means to prevent a due amount of timely sleep, which is really a fundamental thing in the life of a child, but to prevent the formation of a bad habit, which will fearfully abridge the term of actual life. We know that, so far from correctly appreciating the danger at this point, many parents are in the habit of driving their children off to bed nearly as soon as it is dark, just to get rid of them, a custom that can hardly be too severely condemned.

WIDE AWAKE.

But by far the greater difficulty is in rising. Will it not be allowed that precisely at this point there is a deep and perilous vice in the general habits of the world? Are not hours and years thrown away,

which might be appropriated to most valuable purposes? Are not the most sickly and enfeebling habits of body and mind traceable to this vice? And how, we ask, does this occur, excepting by the very false opinions and ruinous parental indulgences which we are seeking to remedy? The habit is formed in childhood, and the strong tendencies to it must be remedied by parental authority, which should mildly but firmly insist upon rising at a proper hour. Your little ones that retire at eight should be up at six; and as they increase in the functions and vigor of life, the time should be earlier. Young people in health should never be in bed after five. The time from five to breakfast, for purposes of improvement, will be worth as much as another half day. Sleeping away the golden hours of life, when it is more healthy to be awake and actively employed, is a crime which, without forgiveness, must ruin body and soul forever. Who would wish to

meet at the judgment the responsibility of wasting time, every twenty-four hours, which, for real practical good, is equal to half the time a man can by any means control? It is a fearful thing, and at this hour it hangs heavily upon the heart, and the life, and the hopes of the world.

As a practical suggestion, we mention the opinion, that the habit of calling children in the morning is unnecessary and pernicious. Of course, they must be aroused by others, if not by themselves; but it is a perfectly ascertained fact, that the resolution to rise early will wake up a child, and this resolution must be superinduced by reason, by interest, if possible, but, if absolutely necessary, by authority, and even by fear. Stern and uniform persistence in the right will soon supersede the necessity of attention to the matter, especially if the parent should enforce his precept by a wholesome example.

A little boy from New-York was placed by the proper agent in charge of an

esteemed Christian minister in the West. In reply to a circular, this highly intelligent and benevolent gentleman writes an interesting account of "Little Willie," from which we are permitted to make the following pertinent extract, showing how easily our views may be realized. We commend the common-sense rules of our esteemed friend to all parents. He says:

"The most vigorous discipline that we have been compelled to adopt, has been with a view to counteract the tendency to idleness, especially in sleeping away the bright hours of the morning, always so lovely and healthful in the country. The following simple rules have proved effectual:

"1. We breakfast at half past six o'clock.

"2. Willie must be at breakfast with the family, without being called.

"3. Before eating he must feed a colt, pig, and poultry.

"4. A failure on his part postpones his breakfast until the dinner hour."

We hazard nothing in assuming that "Willie" will be a better man for this wholesome discipline, and that a similar regime generally, would prevent a vast amount of vicious idleness, add large numbers to the class of virtuous youth, and years to the useful life of each.

We have not written thus without being fully aware that there is an evil in exactly the opposite direction. Keeping "bad hours" at night, at home or abroad, must be sternly prohibited. Exhausting nature by staying up till eleven, twelve, or one o'clock at night, whether for purposes of amusement or study, is a perilous habit, which cannot be too strongly opposed, and which, within the limits of parental authority, should be absolutely prevented. The useful time of the little girl or boy will generally be exhausted by nine, and that of the adult by ten, while all the demands

of sleep will be met by from six to four o'clock in the morning. These suggestions are founded upon large observation, and many years of experience.

SEE MY NICE CLOTHES.

We now pass to another particular of government in the nursery. We are concerned about the habits of dress which you will allow our little true woman to form, while she is under your immediate direction. In the briefest possible way, we would call attention to the fact, that bad taste and extravagance in dress must be reckoned among the most obstinate and destructive of the growing vices of the age. It deforms the person, ruins the health, shortens the life, corrupts the manners, absorbs the time, fosters the selfishness, defeats the benevolence, and breaks down the fortunes of countless multitudes, every year of the world. And need we say that it has its origin in the nursery? The absurd practice of piling

ornamental clothing on to infants, and especially little girls, does indescribable harm. Many parents who dress with the utmost plainness, and even self-neglect, and who have no idea of bringing up their children in extravagance, spend their time, and really abridge their personal comforts, to load their little ones with foolish finery. And yet they fully expect their little girls, when they get to be women, to be as plain as their mothers! Vain expectation. The very first thing they learn to admire is their gay clothing; and, in thousands of instances, they actually form a passion for it before they can speak plainly! We were pleased with the stern talk of a true mother upon this point. She could have dressed her daughters in the most splendid manner, if she had chosen to do it, but she said: "I allowed them no silks till they were old enough to enter society. Suppose I had dressed my daughters in silks at twelve years, then nothing would have been good

enough for them at fifteen. And if at fifteen I had gone to the extent of the fashion, they would have ruined me, and probably themselves, by the time they were eighteen or twenty."

Above all things, let the little one you wish to be a true woman be plainly dressed; neatly, tastefully, indeed, if you please, but comfortably and plainly; that she may learn to attach paramount importance to the qualities of the mind and heart, instead of to gay and fashionable attire; that she may be an example of prudence, economy, and benevolence, instead of attractive, flaunting, ruinous extravagance. Begin the reform where the thoughtless, the gay, and aspiring lay the foundations of the vice, in the nursery; and you will soon ascertain, from the impulsive vanity of your child, and the vicious examples around her, that this is matter for government.

TALK AND COMPANY.

The words and social relations of your children will require attention and discipline in the nursery. The parent may not forget that wrong doing is more natural than right; that children, uncorrected, will go astray from the beginning of their responsible life. At the earliest moment should the open ear and watchful eye of the mother notice the drift of spontaneous or habitual talk in the little group, and promptly check the first appearance of vice in the thoughts, or feelings, or language, or action of the child. A nice discrimination of modesty, and a high regard for strict propriety, may be taught to the little girl or boy, at a very tender age; and the work of eradicating or preventing vulgar or profane inclinations, and planting in their stead the pure virtues of the heart and life, is a delicate and difficult task at any time, but far easier, if it begin with the earliest capacity for

discrimination, and continue with sleepless vigilance through all the period of childhood and youth.

We are aware that this work belongs to the department of education, but we mention it here because it must have prominence in the government of the nursery.

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD.

The authority of discipline, and even severe chastisement, if milder influence cannot, must restrain and remedy the tendencies to vicious words or conduct. The parent who, from false tenderness, even "spares the rod," when nothing else will do, will "spoil the child," and incur a fearful responsibility.

We must not be understood as supporting the habit of using the whip in a family. It is doubtless a most pernicious habit, degrading to both parent and child. We believe in governing children as rational and moral beings, and hence, the grand reliance should be upon the kind intimation, the suggestions,

made apart from company, the earnest and feeling remonstrance and appeal, which can come only from devoted love and sound discretion.

But, on the other hand, we have no sympathy with the sickly sentimentality of modern teaching upon this subject. For a race of sinners there is actually no government that ignores punishment. God himself is the example. In a reign of love, he mingles chastisement with blessings, and the Bible is yet the standard of good, stern common sense upon this highly practical and important question.

It allows no violence. It forbids all angry passion. It supplies the impulse and the motive of pure, devoted love, and thus supersedes all inhumanity, and, to a great extent, the necessity for punishment in family government; but, at the same time, it reserves the rod for the hand of affection, when the obstinacy of the child requires it, and explains the high motive of divine chastisement, by

that which moves the heart of a benevolent, intelligent father.

“We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence.”

MUST BEGIN TO LEARN.

It remains to speak more distinctly of education in the nursery. For the development of the body our suggestions are already quite distinct. We comprehend them all in these few words: early rising, plain food, cold water, pure air, comfortable clothing, and thorough exercise. So far as either of them are beyond the reach of the parent, they are a righteous public charge; and that government or community which fails to provide them, surely incurs a dangerous responsibility. At the same time no government, or society, or individual can relieve the parent of responsibility. In the nursery, though it should be the abode of poverty and sorrow, the foundations of a good physical education

must be laid, and no parent can delegate to others the responsibility of watchful oversight and wholesome authority, having the healthy growth of the body directly in view.

Before the school days of the child arrive, other departments of education will demand attention. How much may be done to begin the culture of the mind without the aid of others, depends, we are compelled to admit, upon the intelligence of the parent. Should a child be so unfortunate as to have a father and mother who cannot read, and no family friend to supply the deficiency, then, of course, nothing is to be done at home, by way of instruction in books, and an earlier introduction to school than would be otherwise desirable, is clearly indicated, and we must submit to it as a choice of evils. But for the present we will suppose it otherwise, and assume that our little true woman may be taught, as far as it is desirable, at home.

The first great error to be avoided is, beginning too early. So anxious are many parents to see their children advanced, and so pleased are they with evidence of precocious forwardness, that they begin to drill their little ones in a long and meaningless alphabet, before they can really speak plainly. The letters, of themselves, convey no ideas, and with no ingenuity in imparting some kind of interest in the matter, the alphabet is a hard lesson to learn. Do not try to teach your *little* child the alphabet. It is a most mischievous error to compel her to name over and over, day after day, and week after week, the words which pronounce the letters, and thus weary her mind, and turn all her feelings against the very thought of a book. Wait till she is old enough to learn every letter in a day, and then be sure to adopt a method which will connect the letters, from the very first, with something of interest. The use of blocks, or cards, with each letter apart,

teaching your beginner to select the letters which spell the name of some animal, the picture of which is before it, will be found a most convenient method.

This, in our judgment, should all be deferred until the age of five or six. Little M. was taught her letters when she was scarcely more than an infant, but it was a costly experiment. For this or some other reason, she regularly burst into tears, when the book was brought forward. She made a scholar at last, but it required a most protracted and painful effort to remove her dread of a book, and reconcile her to any task of reading or study assigned her. A different method was adopted with Master G. He was a good stout boy, near five years old before he was allowed to know that he had any letters to learn, and he learned them perfectly in the course of a day, having plenty of time to rest between the lessons. It is a settled fact, that any child of a bright mind and

suitable age may be taught to read in a few hours; may learn the whole alphabet in a single day, and put parts of it together so as to express words and things, with interest, and even delight to its own mind. What a world of trouble is thus saved. What a paradise of privilege to the child in contrast with the old method, which compelled many a poor little urchin to sit still upon a hard bench six hours a day for a whole quarter, waiting in agony for recess or night to come, not knowing for what so much torture was inflicted, the ostensible purpose, however, being to teach the poor child its letters!

Do all this at home, we insist; do it at a proper age, and do it in a day, and have the trouble over with. This method is civilization, the other is barbarism! Gradually you will have the unspeakable pleasure of seeing the mind of your little one developed before you. Every day's reading will astonish and delight her by some new discovery,

or some new revelation of truth, and bring out, to the joy of the parent, some beautiful qualities of mind.

THE LITTLE MORALIST.

But do you ask, Is nothing to be done by way of educating the child until five or six years of age? We promptly answer, A most important work is to precede that period. Much earlier than would be supposed, the infant mind begins to take in intelligence and form ideas. Your expression of countenance, your words, the tone of your voice, as you speak to her, your conversation with others, and your bearing as a whole, in every-day life, are educating the little one before you are aware of it. Be on your guard, or, rather, acquire those excellences of character which will express themselves in the form of a safe model for your little daughter, or you may become the occasion of your own sorrow, and of her destruction. From the very first to the last,

it must be borne in mind that example is the most powerful teacher.

The earliest susceptibility of a child, after the reception of ideas of a physical origin, is that of moral feelings, moral discriminations, and moral culture. Here is the great sphere of education in the nursery.

Easy and serious conversation should instruct the child that some things are wrong, and some are right; that there is a great God everywhere, beholding all her actions and thoughts, who will bring her to account for her sins; that he has given us a book, in which, as soon as she can read, she will find what that almighty Being thinks of her and her sins, and what a noble life and beautiful home he has prepared for the good. She must be taught that she is a sinner, that Jesus Christ is her Saviour, and that she has no hope but in penitence, pardon, adoption, and purification. These solemn lessons must be impressed upon her, by "line upon line, precept upon

precept," for days, and weeks, and months, and years; by reading to her from Holy Scripture, and by regular daily prayer with her alone, for the blessing of God upon the child and the efforts of the mother.

We have thus written upon the character, the regulations, the government, and the education of the nursery, and we candidly submit to American mothers the suggestions we have made. We believe them sound and important, and we have strong confidence that they will contribute something to the correction of serious evils, and the promotion of a healthy reform. We ask for them a thorough reading, and the blessing of God. We have intended to adapt the discussion to all classes, as we expect our true women to come from the lower, middle, and higher ranks, in town and country.

SECTION III.—THE SCHOOL.

SHALL I EDUCATE MY DAUGHTER?

This is a grave question, which the fond parent considers with more anxiety than the world can ever know; but every fact of mind and heart, of individual and social condition, of woman's mission and duties, compels an affirmative answer. Her powers of thought and reason, of memory and imagination, were never given her to be dormant, or to struggle without aid for gratification and development, for employment and usefulness. To condemn them to imprisonment or decay, or to extend to them no aid or encouragement, must be a crime against the laws of God, written indelibly upon the tablet of nature; a crime for which every parent must feel the rebukes of conscience, just, in proportion as conscience is enlightened and susceptible.

The heart of your daughter, in its natural state, is suffering from moral depravation, and must be renewed. Its sympathies and passions must be corrected and guided, or they will inevitably take a wrong, and, it is to be feared, a fatal direction. Her individual life must be limited, for its happiness, to the sphere of her intelligence. For her, there are worlds of beauty, which science alone will enable her to explore; there are worlds of truth, which cultivated intellect alone can discover or appreciate. Deny her the right of education, and you practically destroy for her the richest facts and strongest truths of the creation, and defeat the noblest designs of God, in the structure of her mind.

Socially, she is largely dependent upon her intelligence for the position she may occupy. Her company, her employments, her future domestic relations, will very probably be decided by her education.

In the arrangements of God, she has a

mission to accomplish; a mission of tenderness and love, of culture and refinement, of individual and social elevation, for every part of which she must be prepared by discipline, or she never will accomplish it.

Her destiny at home and abroad, in life and in death, at the judgment and forever, must depend, to a large extent, upon the contingencies which her education involves. By every consideration of duty, therefore, you are urged, you are required to educate your daughter.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

But do you ask, How shall I do it? We answer, You have seen in what manner you are to begin the important work at home, and by every means in your power, to the utmost extent of your own intelligence, we urge you to go on with it there. Your means may be limited, and for that reason you should do all you can without the expense of sending your daughter abroad.

The money for her outfit and her tuition will be saved, if you can and will, for the present, do the work yourself. You may have been blessed with early culture. Let your daughter have the benefit of it. She can take at least her primary lessons in common and higher English, in literature, music, and drawing, from her mother. You may have older daughters, or sons, upon whom you have expended your best efforts, and what means you could spare, at a great sacrifice. Avail yourself of their leisure moments when at home, for they certainly have them. It will be a great point gained if you can lay the foundation of a good education by your own exertions, or under your own eye. You will teach from the highest interest, and in thorough sympathy with the mind of the pupil. You can see and remedy defects, which a stranger would pass over. You can have patience where another would be fretful. You can make sacrifices of comfort and convenience for the good of your cherished

offspring, which no teacher will make. For all of childhood, if the mother can teach, she is the best teacher.

But the great reason for conducting the education of your daughters, during their tender years, at home, is found in the care which a mother alone can extend to them. We believe that the practice of sending young misses away to a boarding-school, to release the parent from responsibility, or that they may have better privileges, or, far more likely, to obey the demands of an imperious fashion, can hardly be too strongly condemned. Better instruction in science they may have, but if it is at the expense of health or character, if it should lead to a sense of liberation from filial restraint at the very time when it is most needed, to a consequent fearlessness of exposures with which they are by no means acquainted, and a strong purpose of enjoyment without regard to the advice and remonstrances of experience, the cost will be vastly too great

for the value received; and strict candor compels us to assert, that there is the greatest danger of these results.

For a while, at least, we earnestly recommend a school at home; and should you find it impracticable to be yourself the teacher, we strongly advise you to employ one. The expense is often less than of sending children abroad, and at this age the advantages of home are much greater than those of any institution of learning.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

This is the first school for your child to attend, out of your own house. Here the lessons of holy wisdom, which you have commenced in the nursery, to continue as long as you have access to your child, will be confirmed and extended.

It is God's holy day. It is a day of rest to you, and to those you love. Your daughter will be with you in the sanctuary, and will slowly imbibe the pure water of life, as

it flows from the oracle of God. Gradually the great but simple truths of the Divine word will enter her heart and intellect. But most of the teaching in public service will be suited to adult hearers, and the children must have a part of this sacred day for their own spiritual benefit.

INTEREST.

Suffer the kind suggestion; take your little daughter into the Sunday school. We say *take* her in. We prefer you would do this, rather than send her in. You have work to do in the Sunday school, a class to teach, and thus make an hour of your brief probation tell upon the destinies of immortal minds; or a Bible lesson to recite, and thus blend your experience and studies with those of others, for the good of all; or a little special interest to add, and encouragement to give to the noble, self-sacrificing band who, without money or price, are toiling for the Christian education

and salvation of the children of the Church ; or, at the very least, you will covet the pleasure of seeing your own little darling introduced to the infant class, and hearing her say the simple but touching lessons of truth, which connect her opening intelligence with the intelligence of angels and seraphs around the throne. You will feel a thrill of delight which none but a mother can feel, as you listen to her charming little voice, mingling in the sweet strains of joyous song, which give to an infant's mind the sublimest truths of revelation. Go, if you can, but at least see that your child goes.

And then, by your influence, your kind suggestions, your vigilant attention, and deserved encouragement, see that the school is well managed ; that the teachers are of suitable age, discretion, and Christian experience ; that everything about it is characterized by neatness, promptness, punctuality, and order ; that the lessons are suitable, well prepared, and well taught ; that a spirit

of piety, of devout and holy conversation, pervades the whole; and, finally, that your children are regular, at their places in time, attentive and respectful to their teachers, and that they give suitable attention to their lessons at home. You can do much toward making a good Sunday school, so much, that, if it is not good, you will have principal reason to find fault with yourself, for your inattention and failure in personal influence.

Officers and teachers hear much about punctuality, about keeping order in the classes, and similar important details. We have only room to say, that the spirit of the Sunday school determines everything. If you do not apprehend this, if you do not feel, and enter into it, you cannot teach well in a Sunday school. You must love your work, you must love the children, you must love their souls, or you will fail as a Sunday-school teacher. If you cannot acquire enough of interest to

make sacrifices for the school, you may as well give place to another! Let another take those young immortals, instill into their tender minds the saving truths of God, watch the glance of the eye, the cherub smile, and the falling tear, as Sabbath after Sabbath the story of redemption is told with a delight and a freshness ever new! Let another stand by the bed of the expiring Christian scholar, and receive the dying benediction of the loved one, whose quivering lip utters, as her last prayer, "God bless my teacher!" Let another, in the bright world above, hail the group of loved ones, saved forever by her instrumentality. Go away! leave the Sabbath school; you cannot be there in season; you are making the salvation of immortal souls, for whom the Saviour died, a matter of convenience! Go away! you are trifling with God, with the Bible, with the judgment-day; you must take your leave, and let "another take your crown."

THE GRAND OBJECT.

One point of special importance we present here. Parents, officers, and teachers, we beg you to labor for the conversion of the child. Do you ask at what age we would have efforts made to secure this result? We answer, as soon as the scholar is old enough to be responsible, to commit sin, to contract guilt; old enough to die and be held responsible at the bar of God. It amounts to nothing, as an objection, to urge that the mind is feeble; that religion cannot be understood; that the child will backslide. These facts all have their place, but not here. The child is a sinner, and liable to death, and that ends all controversy. She must be born again, now, while there is opportunity, without contracting further guilt, and longer grieving the Holy Spirit.

We introduce the subject of the child's conversion, in the discussion of the Sunday

school, because this is the grand design of the institution. Here must the conquest be gained over the child's natural rebellion against God. The most simple form of evangelical instruction, the most intelligible and telling arguments, the most sympathetic and persuasive appeals, the most fervent and faithful prayer, must all combine to gain the little heart for God, and truth, and heaven.

The Holy Spirit will surely aid the effort. Divine grace will deeply move the spirit of the child. An awful sense of guilt will arouse her fears, and excite a struggle for relief. The facile, tender heart, will yield to the kindly influences of grace. The eye of faith will anxiously follow the finger that points to the cross. Jesus will appear unspeakably lovely to the panting spirit. Faith will triumph, and the precious little one will become a regenerate child of the living God; a lovely lamb, laid gently in the Saviour's bosom.

What unspeakable joy swells the little

heart that feels, for the first time, the thrill of redeeming grace and dying love! A work is wrought, over which angels and saints rejoice with inexpressible delight.

NURTURE.

But we must now make another important suggestion. Suppose not that the work of constructing a Christian character is accomplished. Far from it. A noble and indispensable beginning is made. The foundation is laid, but the superstructure must be gradually raised, with infinite pains; a vigilance that knows no sleeping; a patience, a toil, that reckons nothing important, in comparison with the deathless soul. Now is the time to remember that the little mind is weak, and to nourish it with the sincere milk of the word; that the "babe in Christ" is not to be turned out to battle alone with the arch foes of God and man, but to be pressed warmly to the bosom of the Church. Now is the time to mold and fashion the

susceptible character, and stamp it with the purest, noblest principles of our holy Christianity; to deal tenderly but faithfully with the frail one, in reproving her sins, correcting her mistakes, and urging her to faithfulness in her holy vocation.

We say now is the time; and in the future, as it comes on, we must still say now; for there is no release from this responsibility. Nor should we desire it. O, it is a delightful work to train a young immortal for the skies. Through all the period of home education, parents and teachers should leave untried no means calculated to confirm the tender mind in its faith, and hope, and love. She must therefore have her daily lessons and seasons of prayer with her affectionate mother. She must remain in the Sunday school, without a thought of intermission. She must meet her class, with prayer before and after the hour, as regularly as the week rolls round.

With these views fully entered into and

carried out, we can hope to guard the candidate for future eminence in the useful labors and sacrifices of the Church, from peril through her childhood years; to secure for her a long life, in which to grow up into Christ, and to reach the highest style of Christian excellence on earth, and of happiness in heaven.

THE FREE SCHOOL.

The school-days of your daughters will come. We will assume that they have learned, under your immediate eye, to read quite easily, and spell with a degree of accuracy. We trust you have taught them much of God, of the Bible, of Jesus, of penitence and faith, of forgiveness, of regeneration, purity of heart, the judgment-day, heaven and hell; not that these great lessons are by any means completed, but that they are soundly and faithfully begun. We trust, further, that you have done all in your power to fortify them

with a love of truth and duty, and that you will not allow them to come in contact with falsehood in its thousand various forms, and with minds more or less corrupted and debased, without being prudently and faithfully warned.

To an extent varying with the intelligence, the leisure, the condition in life, and more especially with the inclinations and the perseverance of the mother and father, they have been taught, by patient exertion, the meaning of pauses and abbreviations, and the sounds of the letters, the first lessons in writing, geography, arithmetic, grammar, history, drawing, and music; and they are, we will presume, from eight to twelve years of age. If they have been usefully employed, the latter is a better age for entering school than the former.

The first great question now is, To what school shall I send my daughters? We are strongly in favor, in the first instance, of the free school, where it is well organized,

and conducted in an enlightened manner. We are aware that in many portions of this country there are no free schools, and in many others they are of such a grade as to be forbidding and worse than useless. But at this moment we refer to city, borough, village, and country, where the great common-school system engages, as it ought to do, the habitual attention of the best minds of the community. It will, we regret to say, be useless for you to look for a free school where there are no depraved children, where all examples will be correct and elevating to the minds and hearts of your daughters. You will, however, inquire after certain leading facts and principles which will be decisive of your judgment.

The school-house should be properly located, decent in appearance, and comfortable in condition; the teacher should be competent, pious, skillful, and thorough; the order should be strict, and secured by commanding

personal influence; due attention should be given to the improvement of the heart, the Holy Scriptures should be read each day, and the laws of Christianity profoundly respected. There should be ample grounds for recreation, and a well-arranged gymnasium, with some teacher qualified to give instruction in all the exercises required for the development of the muscles.

THE ARGUMENT.

Should the free schools be found, by these tests, to be worthy of your confidence, they are commended to you by the following strong considerations:

They constitute the grandest element of our civilization, and are fast becoming one of the firmest pillars of civil liberty. They have claims, therefore, upon your patriotism, and deserve your most vigilant care and influential patronage. When you practically declare that they have your confidence and your most devoted exertions for their

improvement, you are doing a public good which will be recognized by succeeding generations.

They have all the advantages of association for strong measures, and may therefore really give your children better practical education, so far as the course extends, than they can get elsewhere.

Your means may be limited, and they are great economical institutions. With small means, or even with none at all, you may secure a good primary education for your children, which would be otherwise impossible. We cannot too earnestly remonstrate against the vulgar, unintelligent prejudice which assumes, merely from customary impressions and talk, that the free schools are not fit for decent children to attend, and which has practically denied many a noble youth the privileges of education, as the vain hope of future ability to send to a select, or academic school, has never been realized.

But the great consideration is reserved for the last. The school is near your home. You can keep the oversight of your daughters, at an age which strongly demands it. Until their physical habits are settled, until the foundations of character are fully constructed, they ought not to be away from a faithful, judicious mother. This opinion is founded upon extended observation, and we would express it with emphasis. Besides, you will have opportunity to instruct them in practical labor, which must be of the highest importance, at this early age. Many daughters of hard-working parents have learned, from the false notions and flirting associations of the boarding-school, to despise the practical duties of life, and recklessly to waste the scanty earnings of their parents. At home every day they would have been spared these calamities.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

We grant, however, that many young women must go abroad to school. Parental ability may not extend far beyond the commencement of the work of instruction. Obstinate disinclination may be still more fatally in the way. There may be no school within convenient distance, or the free schools may be in such a state of demoralization as to render it improper to send young children to them, or the pupils may have advanced so far as to demand higher opportunities. Then they ought, if practicable, to be sent to some school away from home; but not even then until the age of fifteen or sixteen, nor at all until they have become settled in their principles and in their moral and physical habits.

CHRISTIAN, NOT ROMAN SCHOOLS.

The question will again come up, To what school shall I send my daughter? We

answer first, to a Christian school. An academy or seminary, a boarding-school of any kind, where religion is not respected, where its officers are not pious; where God is not revered; where the Bible is not read, we have no hesitancy in pronouncing an unmitigated public evil. We entreat you, do not send your daughters to such a school. The principles which, with so much effort, you have instilled into their minds, will be neglected, ridiculed, eradicated! The standard of virtue will be earthly, and finally sensual. The motives for good conduct will be drawn from this life, and the soul's eternal interests will be periled. There is not strength enough in the virtues of the heart to be left thus alone. God is the only adequate power to protect and develop them, and he must be sought, and worshipped, and obeyed, or he will withdraw the protection which he has so kindly proffered, and upon which you have taught your daughters to rely. That the minds of your

children may receive the right direction, they must, therefore, be under the guidance of Christian instructors.

There is a class of nominally Christian schools which cannot be trusted. The Roman Church artfully and perseveringly seeks control of the children; not her own children merely, but especially Protestant children. The fairest pretensions of good scholarship, thorough instruction, and sound morality are artfully set forth; but we warn the parents of the whole land against them. These schools are not thorough, as they claim to be. The course of study, the textbooks, and the instruction are antiquated. The instructors, however learned, ignore the improvements of our educating age, and depend upon the precedents and authorities of former ages. They may offer you the advantage of a native teacher in modern languages, but who is he? An intriguing Jesuit, or in some other form, a bitter, plausible, artful Romanist. Would you destroy

your daughter's love of the Bible to teach her French? Would you have her forget the God of her fathers to be a good musician? Would you have her taught to despise the prayers of her mother's closet, and of the once loved family altar, in favor of her *Pater nosters* and *Ave Marias*? Would you have her taught to regard her father and mother as heretics, and gradually induced to transfer her religious confidence and filial obedience to Popish priests? Would you have her taught to pray to the Virgin Mary in preference to the adorable Saviour? to depend upon the charm of *the Scapular* for protection instead of the arm of God? to go to the confessional and to the priests for pardon instead of a Christian altar and the throne of Grace? to look with favor rather than abhorrence upon unnatural and sinful banishment from all but the most corrupt forms of society? then send her to a Romanist school, for there all this will be done, if it is possible to accomplish it. If

exactly these results do not follow, it will be because the most sagacious and deeply laid schemes fail.

You will be most sacredly promised that nothing shall interfere with the freedom of your child; that no Catholic doctrine shall be taught; that it shall be simply and exclusively a scientific education, with the very highest advantages, at very little cost; and to the unpracticed eye of an occasional visitor, it would seem to be all true. But think of the moral effect of a neglect of the Bible, of a shudder of the priest or madam superior when your child asks for a Bible, as if she were about to be contaminated by the touch or the sight of it! Think of the sanctimonious airs of priests, and nuns, and sisters of charity, as they count their beads, go through with their task of prayers, perform their penance, and bow before the cross! of the gentle hints and artful insinuations that there is only one true Church, that the Church in which your child was

reared is a collection of heretics, and the whole vast machinery of study and suggestions, and smiles and frowns, of rewards and penance, of association and influence, concentrated upon the one grand purpose of making your daughters believe that they must be Catholics or be ruined forever! Can you think of all this, and say there is no danger? What delusion can be more fatal? How many fond and broken-hearted parents have waked up at last to their sad mistake when it was too late! With bitter tears and self-reproaches they have bemoaned their folly, when their daughters have returned to worship the cross and the virgin, instead of the Saviour; to despise the word of God and the family altar, or remained shut up from their sight forever in the cells of a nunnery.

We would deal faithfully with Protestant fathers and mothers. We have not exaggerated, and really cannot, in attempting to state the perils of patronage to such institu-

tions. The following propositions not even a Romish priest would dare to deny: In his view the Protestant parents of these pupils are heretics; all the teachings of the devoted Christian mother from her Bible and on her knees in prayer with her daughter, must be discarded, or the child will be lost forever! All education is infidel and ruinous, if it does not lead to the Catholic Church! If their pupils leave them, to be Protestants instead of Catholics, they have failed in their education! There is no salvation without confession to a priest! The authority of the priest is above that of the parent! Protestant children must disobey their Protestant parents or go to perdition! There is no deliverance from purgatory without the intervention of a priest, who may demand a price in money, and if it be not paid, may leave the wretch to suffer in the flames at his discretion!

We have no hesitancy in saying that the priests and sisters who, in the face of all this,

can prevail upon you to send your daughter to a Romanist school, ought to be able to make a Romanist of her.

If you can be made to believe that Romanist education is better than Protestant, with your eyes upon Spain, Austria, and Italy, in contrast with England and the United States, we must greatly marvel at your credulity! And just so far as the same influence can be infused into the educational systems and measures of these enlightened countries, will they tend toward the corruption, the wretchedness, and the despotism of the Roman States.

You will, we trust, agree with us, that history is full of evidence that a Romanist education is so far from being better than any other, that it stands inseparably identified with the grossest superstition and most hopeless degradation. Reasons strong as the value of private virtue and public morals, as high as the importance of civil liberty and pure Christianity, press upon us to say, and

we say it with emphasis, better a thousand fold to let your children grow up in ignorance, than send them to be educated by Romanists. Would that we could lift up a warning voice that would reach every Protestant ear in America, and avert the dangers that thicken around us.

There are Christian schools for your daughters; schools erected, endowed, and organized under the direct influence of our holy religion; schools in which the instructors are men and women of God, in which the Holy Bible is devoutly read, and prayer for Divine aid devoutly offered in private every day; in which, at morn and eve, the pupils are assembled to hear the word of God publicly read, and the blessing of Heaven invoked upon pupils and teachers, trustees and parents; in which students hear from Sabbath to Sabbath the pure gospel of Christ, and are urged, by every consideration of duty and interest, to consecrate themselves, their all, to God forever. These are the schools

for your daughters. Their grade of scholarship is the highest in the land. Teachers splendidly educated, and of valuable experience, can, we believe, be found in all of them, the system of instruction is generally enlightened and thorough, and they need as well as deserve your patronage.

THE BEST SCHOOL.

Some of these schools are doubtless to be preferred to others. We will venture the following suggestions:

Prefer a school the location, and buildings, and grounds of which are best adapted to the promotion of health—provided with plenty of pure water, and accommodations for bathing, having good sized rooms, with no feather beds, but comfortably warmed and thoroughly ventilated, with ample grounds, and facilities for gymnastic exercises, and where no late hours, night or morning, are allowed.

Prefer the school in which there is the nearest approach to a good home, where the

teachers look after the comfort, and health, and morals of the pupils with true parental feeling. If it be possible, educate your daughters *in* society *for* society. Unnatural seclusion distorts human nature, and provokes its resentment. True freedom, wisely, but firmly guided, and restrained from license, is most friendly to the symmetrical development of character, and this may be most certainly secured in those schools having most of true family feeling, adjustment, and guardianship.

Prefer the school in which religion is experimental, hearty, and practical. There is no correction of the natural evils of the heart, no possible construction of a well-balanced character, no present or final salvation, without regeneration; any form of religion which dispenses with this deceives and ruins the soul; and it is perilous in the highest degree, during the usual period of school-life, to bring the susceptible mind of your daughter under the influence of mere forms, which are practically accepted, instead of the renewal of

her nature, or which will lead her to doubt the reality or importance of the fundamental change experienced under the sacred influences of home. Let her daily religious education, under the power of sound Christian precept and example, by the aid of devout Scripture readings and prayer, have a thorough experimental basis, and if this has not been fully secured, at least let all the influences around her be favorable to such a result. Innumerable instances of sound conversion at school, where it is promoted by purely evangelical means, are evidence of the high consideration to which such means are entitled. Where the life of Christianity is the soul of an institution of learning, the probability of the safety and true education of your child will be greatly increased.

Prefer the school in which the course of instruction is thorough, where paramount importance is attached to the solid and practical rather than the ornamental. The tendency to a superficial course is strong

and much to be regretted. Let it be your aim to see that your daughter is not defrauded by the shadow for the substance, by outside show instead of the reality of education. Mental strength and adaptation to life's severe labors can only be the result of hard study and an honest devotion to the true spirit and mission of a scholar.

COURSE OF STUDY.

We have reserved for this place a few special remarks upon the course of study, and as the young lady herself must have much to do with the decision of this question, we address her directly.

Have you an opportunity of taking a thorough course of study? Then fall at once into that which is prescribed by the Faculty. Do not seek to abridge it. Ask no relief from the difficult parts of it. Calmly address yourself to every branch of it, just as it comes. Much time is frequently lost by an irregular, miscellaneous

method. Higher branches are attempted before the student is prepared for them, and hence discouragements and serious defeat. Algebra and geometry are commenced, without a thorough knowledge of arithmetic; the French before the English is mastered; painting without adequate knowledge of drawing. This is not facilitating education. It is defeating it. You cannot begin at the top or middle of the ladder to ascend. See that you stand firmly upon the first round, then upon the second, and so ascend deliberately to the utmost practicable height.

You will secure the advantage of this suggestion, by adopting the course which you will find prepared for you. Practical educators understand this necessity, and, in the class of schools to which you have been commended, have no doubt provided for it. The greatest danger of failure is in the strong disposition to be in haste, and the injudicious variations of the plan settled by the wisdom of experience.

There are generally optional studies, and doubtless if you are compelled to take but a partial course, your taste, your probable position in society, as well as the length of time you may be at school, should guide your choice. It would be useless for you to waste years in attempts to learn the classics or mathematics, if you found yourself unable to acquire an interest in them, or drawing, painting, and music, if you have no taste for them.

First insist upon thoroughly completing your common English. This, with the advantages you have had at home, can be done at the same time that you are mastering the higher English. When so far advanced as to be able to discontinue the lower branches, begin the Latin. Latin is not indispensable for ladies, but it is highly useful. When you have fully ascertained the value of the drill, of the scope and power in the use of language it will afford, the elegance it will add to your social

accomplishments, and the vast literary world it will open to your enjoyment and criticism, you will appreciate, as you cannot now, the value of a classical education. Mathematics, especially algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, will be of incalculable importance in the mental discipline which you require, while physical and metaphysical philosophy, criticism, logic, rhetoric, and composition will give breadth to your views, balance to your reasoning powers, and accuracy to your taste.

Some minds are competent to grasp all these, and add very elegant accomplishments in modern languages, painting, and music. Where this is the case, the highest style of education is practicable. Where it is not, something, as we have suggested, must be optional. In this case we beg you to prefer the languages and the sciences. Do not prematurely conclude that you have no taste for the sterner departments of sound learning. It is far more

likely that you have not the patience and energy of application to ascertain whether you have the talent to study them successfully or not. At least compel yourself to love the hard study they require, and this will be a noble achievement in mental discipline. Then, should you utterly fail to acquire the spirit and wield the power of classical and scientific scholarship, you may be thankful for the advantages already gained, and, laying these studies aside, turn your special attention to other and less severe accomplishments.

Any course of study is seriously and utterly defective that does not include the Bible. We mean not merely as a book of daily reading, but of profound and devoted study. Its history, geography, poetry, antiquities, and especially its theology, must be studied, with the best helps within your reach, and by the best instruction you can obtain. Do not say you have no time. Alas! this is the great error, the crime of

a guilty world, placing other things before "the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Better by far to say you can get no time for any other text-book in the course.

Music, to be successfully studied, ought to be commenced in childhood. By the time you have mastered the fundamental branches of education, with the usual music lessons in the mean time, you will have ascertained whether proficiency in this department is practicable or not. It is utterly useless to waste your time in exertions to be a musician, if you have no fondness for it, no delight in it. We strongly recommend to all, the most vigorous efforts, under good instruction, to learn vocal music, both as a science and an art; but the idea that the education of females must necessarily include music on the piano is absurd. The time and money squandered in attempts to make good instrumental performers of girls who have no musical talents, and who never get beyond mere mechanical

drumming, would be much more profitably employed in imparting to them the useful knowledge and good sense which practical life will urgently require.

Finally, allow us in all frankness to say, that the success of your scholarship must depend mainly upon yourself. No buildings or grounds, no teachers or text-books, no course of study or length of time, can make a good scholar of an indolent student. Mental and physical activity, patient application, and a life controlled by a high sense of duty, alone can secure the triumphs to which you may laudably aspire.

SECTION IV.—SELF-CULTURE.

We must now assume that your school-days are ended, and, we trust, creditably to yourself. We may presume that you have been through your course, triumphing over all difficulties, mastering the great principles which lie at the foundation of

all science, developing the powers of body and mind, cultivating the spirit of an enlightened piety, and finally receiving the honors of your *alma mater*, and the smiles and congratulations of your friends.

If we do not assume too much; if, after an absence of two, three, or four years, you return to your home with more humility, more consideration for others and less for yourself, than when you left, you may be thankful to God for his guidance through a most critical and dangerous period of your existence, and for his gracious aid in laying a safe foundation for a superstructure of practical wisdom and usefulness in subsequent life.

You are probably now too intelligent to indulge the delusion that your education is finished. Any such idea really entertained, is evidence that you have been superficial in your studies, that you have failed to comprehend the laws of your own being, and to solve the problems of personal

development and power. You have only commenced a career of improvement, which must be industriously pursued to the end of life.

We wish now to draw your attention to the means of self-culture. You have doubtless been surprised to find so much of your success dependent upon yourself; but after the sound experience of a few thoughtful years, you are probably now prepared for the announcement that those who are educated at all are, in a very important sense, self-educated. However superior your teachers, and wise their instructions, the firm resolve, the fixed attention, and the delving study have been your own, and thus only have you come from school with the true spirit of a scholar. Henceforward, as the days of your tuition are probably at an end, your acquisitions will depend, even more than before, upon your own exertions.

AN INQUIRING AND DEVOUT DISPOSITION OF
MIND.

Our educated young woman will now find all her attainments at school available. Indeed, she will find defects in her education of which she had previously no idea. She will regret, more than words can express, if she has, without necessity, limited her course of study, or wasted any portion of her time.

One of the first duties after leaving school, which is firmly enjoined by the soundest experience, is a thorough review of school lessons, and a bold extension of scientific and literary intelligence. This she must persist in, or lose the practical benefits of what she has acquired, and fall below many vigorous minds of far less privileges. But with such a state of mind as her past experience and present condition are calculated to produce, these reviews and advance studies will be a delightful entertainment; the deficiencies discovered will be promptly

supplied, and important accessions of information and wisdom will be made every day. Keenly alive to a sense of her own wants, and profoundly impressed with the sacredness of her mission, her mind will be attentive to the facts and incidents of life, and constantly inquiring after truths which, however near or remote, simple or complex, may be made available for the accomplishment of that mission. She will hence make all her social intercourse the means of additional strength. The wise and the unwise, the high and the low, the grave and the frivolous, will all, unconsciously, become her teachers. Prosperity, and even stern adversity, will make large contributions to her intellectual and moral strength.

She will improve all proper opportunities to listen to the teachings of sound men. Their leading thoughts she will follow out to their legitimate results. The errors and impracticable positions assumed in conversation, in sermons, or lectures she will

promptly reject, while all that is valuable will make part of her own future resources.

This is all natural and practicable, but it is our duty to state distinctly that our true young woman will meet with strong adverse influences, requiring all the resolution and energy of her character to secure the triumphs to which she ought to aspire. Study is her habit, but she can quite easily forget it. The excitement of a new method of life, the feeling that she is no longer a girl, but a woman, the idea of rapid conquests and social distinction, may unsettle her intellectual schemes, ruin all that is of value in her character, and make her very opportunities a social calamity.

To antagonize and entirely defeat such malign influences, calm thoughtfulness and thorough self-examination, steady and searching investigations of character and circumstances, a rigid economy of time and strength, high resolves and energized firmness, will be of the greatest importance ; but nothing can

supersede the necessity of a devout temper of mind. Frequent and faithful communion with God will impart to the character that supernatural strength and force which will make it superior to circumstances. It will, moreover, become the means of most important accessions of intelligence. It will give maturity and scope to a knowledge of Divine things, which will be the soul's firmest support in trials, and most vigorous life amid the threatening elements of death.

These suggestions have been adjusted to the conditions and demands of the educated young woman ; but a moment's reflection will show that in spirit they are equally appropriate to those who, with less advantages, are aiming at positions of elevated usefulness. Idle dissipation may make the young woman of the school a practical idiot, while determined application may raise to the true dignities of scholarship the self-energized child of neglected poverty.

READING.

This is another important means of self-culture. A regular course of reading, under judicious advice, is indispensable. It should embrace as wide a range as time and circumstances will permit. History, biography, poetry, philosophy, and criticism, beyond the limits of school privileges, or in the absence of such privileges, will extend the scope of thought, and give ease and influence to the part the true woman will be called to act, in her proper social position.

She should be especially at home on all religious topics. Familiarity with the Holy Bible and theological works of acknowledged authority, will be of first importance. It should be easy for a Christian lady, at any time gracefully to change the current of conversation from the frivolous and dissipating to the substantial and useful, and nothing contributes so much to this power as sound evangelical reading.

So many of the details of a course of reading depend upon position, opportunities, the counsel of safe, intelligent friends, and progress in the world of letters, that we do not deem it desirable to be more particular upon this point. There are, however, two departments of reading in relation to which we feel required to make special suggestions.

PERIODICALS.

Woman should read at least enough of the current news of the day to be well informed of important passing events, so that, should allusion be made to them, she may not be obliged to look blank and wonder, without knowing what she ought to say. She should certainly keep up as far as practicable with the current literature of the times. She should therefore insist upon taking or having access to at least one daily or weekly newspaper, and one literary periodical appropriate to the cultivation of the female mind. If she can go no further than this in

periodical reading she need not be taken by surprise, or be so misinformed in current ideas as to be compelled to submit to special mortifications.

We do not send our true woman to a newspaper to make her a technical politician, but we would have her understand the state of all political parties and questions. In her own proper sphere, she has power to influence and even control the destinies of her country, and we insist upon her being able to bring her quiet but potent influence to bear against public dangers, and in favor of high political virtue.

We need not urge that her patronage is due only to the periodicals which maintain a high standard of taste, which, in purity of topics, of sentiment, and style, harmonize with her lofty and sensitive nature; but we would remind her that she has a censorship over the press, more potent than that of all the critical reviews or eagle-eyed despots in the world. If she will assert the

rights of her womanhood, no demoralizing periodical or book can be successful. Let her reject all such from her drawing-room, her table, her library, and refuse her approbation to men who write and publish and read them, and they must go down.

NOVELS.

Of one department of letters it is an honor to a woman to be ignorant. The light and vulgar trash formed for diversion and excitement, designed to sink and annihilate her true womanhood; and sacrifice the virtues of the heart, the endearments of home, and the strength of social refinement, upon the altar of licentiousness, has no claims but upon her abhorrence and reprobation. Let no one deceive you by the impression that you are not intelligent and accomplished without reading them. Despise the man who will dare to offer one of them to you, or speak in their favor. Avoid the snare of the insinuation that you are not able to condemn them

without reading. The imprint and general complexion they bear, the name of the author, the extent of their circulation, the subtle, all-pervading public sense, which will find its way into every nook and corner of society, and, most of all, the character of the men and women who read them, will, with sufficient distinctness, point out the pernicious works which you are to avoid, which you are to allow no resting-place in your dwelling, and, by every means in your power, seek to banish from society.

Novel reading is a crime. It murders the heart, the intellect, and the body. It vitiates the taste, destroys time, and rejects God from the control of the thoughts, the affections, and the world. At this hour it is the actual occasion of more vice and more peril to the interests of society than any one custom of the age; and we are ashamed to allow that it is eminently the crime of woman. Because she reads, publishers will furnish novels; because she reads them, sound literature is at a

discount, and trash, or nonsense, or works stimulating to the morbid feelings and vicious designs of fallen human nature, are nearly all which have any reasonable chance of marked success. It is because she reads them that she thinks and talks nonsense for weeks, and months, and years together. It is because she reads them that the sober truths of God and eternity are banished from her mind, and have so little success in the control of her heart. It is because she reads them that she descends, with steps at first imperceptible to herself, but at length rapid and sure, to the lowest depths of human infamy.

For your soul's sake; for the sake of your husband, your mother, father, sister, and brother; for the sake of the young and tender with whom you associate; for the sake of society, reeling under the moral paralysis of this fascinating vice; for the sake of your sex, we beseech you, dash away that miserable book, that gilded poison, which has ruin, and only ruin, in its path, and let the

community feel the power of your example and your precept, to relieve it from wasting disease, and inspire it with returning, glowing, invigorating health.

Works of imagination are not all of this pernicious character. Far from it. But where, you ask, will you draw the line? We answer, boldly and distinctly, Here: Truth is the grand condition of safety and profit in literature; and the test of truth is the revelation of God. Any publication, the facts of which are of sufficient purity and dignity to allow of attention, the teachings of which are true, and the influences of which are in harmony with the Bible, may be read with profit. Is not the distance heaven-wide between the exaggerations of popular romance and the truth to nature in *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the exalted strains of *Paradise Lost*; between the works which gloat over the moral putrefactions of a vile city, and those which present, with irresistible attractions,

the purest virtues and loftiest sentiments of the heart; between the productions which, in plot and character, artfully insinuate the poison of infidelity, and those which teach, with a pathos and logic which no mind can resist, the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures, the responsibility of man for every departure from the laws of God, and the sublime and saving doctrines of the cross? Is there any earthly necessity for confounding these two classes of publications? Just as much as there is of mistaking the Mysteries of Paris for the Bible.

Let the true woman use her general information in making up a judgment, as to whether she shall look at a book or not. Any quantity of vicious trash will be condemned upon principles of common sense, and by virtuous instincts, without the least danger of injustice to any one; a mere glance at the title and style will dispose of innumerable others; and especially the counse!

of experience will warn of dangers that need not be experimented again to believe in their reality, and guide in "the separation of the precious from the vile."

These safeguards, together with the scrutiny and the cautions of the religious press, will reduce the exposures of devout minds below the ordinary exposures of every-day social life. The trials of personal discretion will here be of the same class as those which belong to a mixed world, in every relation possible to us, and which, since they cannot be avoided, are, with the appointed guards and supports, to be bravely met and vanquished. Should you, therefore, find errors in publications which have commended themselves to your attention, reject them, and give the antagonist, truth, the stronger hold upon your intellect and heart. But should you, under the rules of discretion which we have ventured to lay down, find yourself reading a work of depraving influence, however high the authority of the

name it bears, lay it aside unfinished; stop, even in the midst of a paragraph, and ever thereafter warn your friends against it.

PRACTICE.

We must not fail to guard you against the delusion that you are merely to enjoy the life of a scholar. Your education, to be valuable, must be highly practical. You have done much toward acquiring the accomplishments of the drawing-room and parlor, and your introduction to society, we may presume, will soon remedy any defects which have heretofore escaped your notice.

Domestic duties will of necessity demand more or less of your attention. We assume that before your school-days abroad, under the tuition of your mother or some other kind friend, you commenced your practical education in household affairs. Possibly you have been so fortunate as to continue in school, your exertions to improve in adaptation to the inevitable responsibilities of the

future. If so, upon your return home you have with greater ease resumed your position of practical usefulness. If, however, your domestic studies have been suspended for a while, you now have no reason for denying them their just claims.

Your object at this period should be to learn house-keeping in all its varieties, and in its highest perfection, and experiment alone will secure you the desired success. You wish to understand the art of cooking. In this the books may afford you some valuable hints, but their recipes generally produce an extravagant and unwholesome diet. Your mother, if living, ought to be your best instructor; but, whatever may be your advantages or disadvantages, practice is indispensable. You will study order and neatness, so that the most critical eye could find nothing out of place, nor discover anything like negligence in any part of the house, or anywhere around it. You should study economy, that the nicest comforts of life

may be enjoyed without wasting any part of the means put into your hands. You should study facility, that the most agreeable results may be secured in the least possible time.

You should make yourself a good florist, horticulturist, and rural architect, that your house and yard may be adorned with the choicest varieties of flowers, that your gardens and grounds may be tastefully arranged, and cultivated with due regard to comfort, profit, and elegance. In prosecuting these studies you will find that, whatever may be the assistance you receive, your practical education will be chiefly the result of self-culture.

We close this chapter by referring to the grand object of all human endeavor, the glory of God in this life and in the life to come. The realization of this lofty purpose is not the result of caprice or impulse, but of a ruling spirit in all study. As we have urged you to begin devoutly, so we trust

you have continued to remember God, and sought to conform to his holy will through all the forming period of life.

We have thus written of the true woman formed, fully believing that we have suggested the methods, and only methods, of realizing the ideal sketched in the first chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUE WOMAN AT HOME.

SECTION I.—THE DAUGHTER.

FILIAL LOVE.

THE character of a daughter has much to do with the happiness and position of a family. We must therefore address a few kind, earnest words directly to her.

Your great duty, my young friend, which really includes all others, is the cultivation of true affection. We say the cultivation, for we are sure you are not without it. A daughter without love for father and mother would be unnatural and inhuman. Such instances of depravity may exist, but we do not know them. You feel a special delight in your parents, and a strong desire

to do them good. This is love. You have felt it from infancy, and would regard it as a cruel reflection if any one should intimate that you are without it.

But it is our duty to tell you that this warm glow of affection may be chilled, and such may be the strength of rival antagonist feelings, that it may cease to exert its due influence upon your heart and life.

Selfishness impairs the force of filial affection. If you cultivate high consideration for yourself, if you magnify your own wants, and become impatient when they are not gratified, you will diminish the strength of your affections, and soon become an annoyance rather than a comfort to your parents. Have you not felt the beginnings of this dangerous spirit? Are you not aware that you have actually cultivated the feeling of a separate interest, until you incline to make it really antagonist to the welfare of your parents? We trust not. Surely you must be aware of the great wrong which such a

feeling includes. We entreat you to check and destroy its very beginnings by the most determined resolution, by the deepest penitence, and by the most humble prayer to Almighty God for gracious interposition.

Remember the sufferings, and anxiety, and toil of your father and mother for you; remember their tears and prayers. Think how many kind suggestions, how many earnest warnings, they have thrown between you and danger near. Think of the fond caresses and devoted affection they have lavished upon you; and let the deepest, purest love of your heart rise up for them in return.

It may, moreover, be well to remind you that you will not always have their company here. You may, it is true, be called to eternity, and leave them in deepest grief to mourn over your departure. But the order may be reversed. Those countenances which have beamed upon you from earliest infancy in expressive tenderness, will turn

pale in death! You may be called to stand by the dying couch, and weep in anguish as you receive their final charge and hear them pronounce their last farewell.

How deep must be your sorrow, then, if you are compelled to remember acts of disobedience, or words of disrespect or resentment spoken to those whose dying lips tenderly pronounce a blessing on your head! Who could console you in the midst of such bitter self-reproaches and severe mortification? Think of all this, if you are ever so unfortunate as to feel the risings of unfilial desire, or so guilty as to give the slightest license to a feeling of ill will to your parents. Love—pure, warm, glowing love—should not be your duty merely; it should be your very breath and life; it should rise up from your heart as from a deep and overflowing fountain, and be encouraged by the right direction of every thought, and feeling, and word, and action,

But you will remember we have said that active goodness is the grand characteristic of the true woman; and it is for the cultivation in your mind, and heart, and manners, of all the elements we recognize in this pure, noble, and attractive character, that we write, and ask you to read; we shall, therefore, indicate the practical tests of true filial devotion. Wherever it exists it will manifest itself; it cannot be concealed, nor simply expressed in words.

OBEDIENCE.

It is indispensable for the daughter to know that it is the right and duty of her parents to govern. By the appointment of God, and from the very necessities of the case, they are the head of the family. They have superior knowledge and discretion. This must be exerted for the guidance of those who are yet feeble and undeveloped, or they will surely go astray. In your tender age you know not where to go, or what

to do; they will tell you. You know not what dangers beset your path; they will warn you. They must, indeed, command you if it be necessary, and even punish you if you are rebellious. They are responsible for you during your childhood. God will hold them accountable if, by neglect or improper indulgence, they allow you to grow up in ignorance or vice, or in the neglect of religion.

Of course it follows that it is your duty to obey. We record, for your perusal exactly here, that great command: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."

But we here introduce obedience as a test of love. It is vain for you to claim that you love your parents when you show by your conduct that you disregard their feelings, and are willing to grieve or irritate them, just when accident or caprice, ill-nature or obstinacy, may dictate. No, this is not true love. It may be that you have occasional

bursts of passionate attachment; that you sometimes feel, as a child should, a glow of affection when you are particularly pleased with what your father or mother gets for you, or allows you to do; but this is not true love. There must be a respectful regard for the known wishes of parents, a devoted confidence in their superior wisdom, and a constant overruling desire to please them, or you can have no claims to the filial affection due from a good daughter.

And remember, it is not merely doing what on its own account you prefer to do, obeying requisitions which fall in with your natural inclinations, that will show the strength of your filial love. When the cross comes, when the judgment and requirements of the parents are directly in opposition to your own, then we shall see whether you really love them. If you are aware of facts which they do not know, you will respectfully state them. If you know reasons which they do not, when allowed, you will give them; but

when the decision comes, genuine love will not require it to be repeated. No expression of unkindness or resentment will appear in the countenance. No teasing, or debating, or rude words will follow. The little true woman at home sweetly smiles, and replies, "Mother, you know best. You are good to restrain me when I need it; I love you the more for it, because I know it must give you pain to cross me for my good." What delight does such conduct give to a fond mother or devoted father! What precious memories will such a life present amid the scenes of death which are before you!

We must, it is true, allow that it is possible for parents to be cruel in temper and unjust in requisitions. They may forbid their children to worship God, or command them to commit crimes which would consign them to infamy and ruin. To so great a depth of depravity may human nature fall. In such a case we know the child must remonstrate, and with tearful affection plead

for mercy, and should all entreaty be in vain, she must do right, and with meekness suffer whatever follows, depending upon the grace of God and the power of filial love to soften the parent's heart and relieve her distress. Observe, this extreme case furnishes no excuse for disobedience under other circumstances. In all cases not involving moral and religious duty, the law is explicit. You are to obey even against your own opinion, allowing that the responsibility as well as superior wisdom is with your parents. "In the Lord" you are to "obey your parents," and thus manifest your affection for them.

But your parents, we assume, require no such wrong things of you. They teach you to fear and worship God. They conduct you to his house, and provide for you the purest and best of privileges. They strive to fill your mind with abhorrence of all the degrading vices which we have supposed some parents might be so wicked as to require in their children. It is the evident purpose

of all the commands of your dear father and mother to save you from the snares set for your youthful feet, to secure for you the highest advantages of a Christian education, of sound experimental Christianity, and of elevated social relations. You have, therefore, no excuse for disobedience. The highest motives on earth and in heaven call you to the filial devotion which alone can make you a true woman.

GRATITUDE.

Forget not that you owe a debt of gratitude to your parents which you may never be able to pay. They have conferred upon you unnumbered favors which you have never deserved, and for which you have certainly made no adequate return. The least you can do is to be grateful for these favors. The true daughter delights to remember a mother's love and a father's care. She recalls, with feelings of inexpressible tenderness, those sleepless nights, those wasting toils,

those tears of affection, which have relieved her distresses, raised her from the couch of sickness, and beguiled her sorrows. She would gladly repay these devoted attentions and sacrifices. She would, were it in her power, replace the funds which her early support and her education have taken, perhaps from limited and hard-earned means. How she would despise herself if she were capable of returning petulance, disrespect, and rebellion for such pure and devoted love.

Allow us to indicate some of the means by which you can give expression to your grateful emotions.

First of all, impart as much happiness as you can by the sweetness of your temper and the amiableness of your deportment. This is a revenue of happiness to your mother, it is the joy of your father. How much of poverty and grief those fond parents can bear, if their daughter is always kind, always cheerful, always faithful. Nothing can supply the place of this, and it is always at your

command. You can make the least of your own wants and ills to relieve those of your mother. You can avoid what you know would tease or distress her, and constantly inquire, what now can I say or do to share in her trials and enhance her happiness? O, what a delight is such a daughter! She is the light and the joy of the household. She makes even poverty and toil smile around her, and adds luxury to ease and affluence.

You can express your gratitude by faithful industry and just economy. You have no money to replace what your father has expended in your behalf, but you can save the expense of additional servants by steady and thorough application to duties about the house, such as your mother shall assign you. This is as well as it would be to return the money from your own resources. How many hours are wasted, worse than wasted, in idleness or dissipation, by thoughtless, fashionable daughters, who think themselves above the labors which their mothers

have performed from childhood, and, perhaps, are now obliged to perform, to support their culpable vanity and senseless display. These hours you will save, and turn them to good account by thorough lessons and useful efforts in the kitchen or the chamber, or with your needle. This will be an act of gratitude.

In the same spirit you will study a just economy in the regulation of your own wants. How wrong, how wicked, indeed, to make your returns for numerous expenditures by useless and exorbitant demands, trying to extort as much as you possibly can by begging, teasing, crying, and pouting, merely to gratify a foolish love of novelty or brilliancy in dress or furniture. A good daughter is considerate in all these matters. She asks for nothing unnecessary, and even denies herself much that would be convenient when she is obliged to think and say, "My father cannot afford it." How grateful to a father's heart to mark such

thoughtfulness in his daughter. It is money in his pocket; it is hope and comfort in his weary toils; it is inducement to strain every nerve to relieve her real wants and advance her in every true accomplishment.

A pure, improving, and useful character will be an expression of gratitude. How deeply would you wound the hearts that have so long felt for you, were you to be careless of those gentle and elevated virtues which belong to your sex. You have the reputation of your family, as well as your own, in your keeping. Your mode of thinking, feeling, speaking, and acting will do more to decide the position in society of those you love than any aspirations of father or brother. If you bring your heart to the Fountain of holiness to be cleansed; if you study the Bible for the elevation of your affections and aspirations; if you gather the elements of a strong and virtuous character from deep communion with God; if you devote your hours of study to the

honest and thorough acquisitions of a sound and accomplished education; if you are intelligent, and pious, and grateful, and benevolent, your family will be borne upward in social position. Your father, and mother, and brother, and sister, will be blessed by your example, and sustained by your moral worth, and this will be gratitude, the purest, noblest gratitude of which a lovely daughter is capable.

One method more of grateful acknowledgment to your parents, and we dismiss this delightful topic. You may live to see them decrepid with age, and dependent upon you for support. Their muscles may become enfeebled, their eyes dim, and their minds unstrung. If they have laid up means for their support, they will yet need your kind attention. A good daughter will seize the opportunity for such offices of kindness, with gratitude for the privilege. If they are poor, she will feel that she has no comforts of house, or table, or wardrobe which they

may not share. She will delight in all those little attentions which are so grateful to the aged, the infirm, the sick, and the dying. She combs and presses the head; she brings the slippers; she presents the cooling water; she prepares, with nice and affectionate skill, the delicious food; she changes and improves, indulges and caresses, as the wants of the aged one require. It is no objection that the beloved parent is capricious, or without reason. If the thing desired be not wrong or injurious, it is granted, provided at any cost, at any amount of sacrifice or pains. If the safety of the parent requires some modification of wishes expressed, if the sought indulgence must be denied, it is always with the utmost tenderness. No circumstance can provoke the true daughter to be angry in her feelings, severe in her replies, or neglectful to those who gave her being. She is an angel of mercy to her aged sire, light to the dimmed eye, and warmth to the chilling heart of her dying mother.

This is gratitude, true, holy gratitude, deserved by a thousand nameless attentions, the tribute of a noble heart, of devoted filial affection. Happy is that parent who can lean his weary head upon the bosom of such a daughter.

Surely the daughter influenced by such love, obedience, and gratitude, as we have urged, will be, in the best sense, a true woman.



SECTION II.—THE SISTER.

Perhaps you are an only child. Providence has then deprived you of some of the purest pleasures of domestic life. You may have your compensation in part, from the peculiar devotion of a fond mother, an affectionate father, a bosom friend, or perhaps in the warm attachment and endeared associations of the Church of Christ. Beyond this you must bow with submission to a will infinitely above yours.

Have you a sister? Then you have reason for gratitude. Heaven has bestowed upon you one of its choicest blessings, and it is of the first importance that you should understand the relations thus sustained, fulfill their obligations, and secure to yourself their highest immunities.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTER.

You do not need urging to love her. You are of kindred blood. You have the same parents. You have much in common with each other, and have probably been bosom companions for years. You cannot tell when you began to love her, unless you can remember when you first saw her. You have been playmates, and entered into each other's joys and sorrows. You have walked hand in hand to school and to church, and felt a thousand times the glow of warm affection, which has greatly increased your happiness and elevated you in the scale of being. This is natural. It

is God's own arrangement for the improvement of humanity. We disdain all attempts to regulate and control the legitimate exercise of a pure natural affection. You cannot love by rule.

But it is quite in your power to impair the strength of your love. There is room for caution, lest you should give license to rival and even antagonist feelings, which will destroy the tenderness and power of that devotion to your sister which you once so fondly cherished.

Are you inclined to be ill-natured? It is a great calamity. You could scarcely do yourself a greater harm than to indulge so unpleasant a disposition. How it annoys your sister. You see every little mistake she makes, magnify every fault, cry out against her for the least departure from your capricious wishes, scold and teaze her for trifles! You have no right to do this. She is entitled to your respect and forbearance; to your compassion if she does wrong,

and in any event to your kindest feelings. You will weaken her consideration for you, you will compel her to doubt your love, you will make your presence uncomfortable to her, if you persist in this vicious course. She may even wish you were away, and show signs of preferring other company to yours. Forbear, we beseech you, to indulge this unamiable temper. It harms yourself as much as it annoys your friends. Stop at once when you feel the spirit rising. Check the first word. Take off that ugly scowl from your face. Have you any idea how it deforms you? You never put it on when you look in the mirror. It would frighten you to see it. If you should appear to yourself just as you have appeared to others, you would feel really degraded. A smile is infinitely better. A countenance beaming with love would do you very much more credit, and add vastly to the happiness of the social circle.

Allow us, moreover, to guard you against

a selfish bearing toward your sister. It is indispensable that you should regard her rights and interests, at all times, exactly as sacred as your own. Should you be so unfortunate, we ought to say wicked, as to insist upon monopolizing the little every-day comforts of home, putting yourself first in every instance of competition, contending for indulgences in dress, or society, or habits which she cannot or ought not to have, you will annoy her, undermine her confidence, and do what you can to make her as selfish as you are. How would you defend the position that your comfort is to be promoted at the expense of hers? that you are to be indulged whether she is or not? that your rights, or feelings, or caprice must be respected, while hers are trampled under foot? Sit down, and think of it; go away, and pray over it. See if you can kneel down, and say to the Searcher of hearts: "I am better than my sister; I must be used better than she; I must have more privileges,

better dresses, a better education than she; when we differ she must give up to me; I must have my own way in everything, no matter how much she is crossed." You would be afraid to betray such depravity of heart in prayer before God, and yet he sees it if it exists, and you can by no means escape his displeasure without pardon and reformation. It is a mortifying fact that your friends must have noticed this strange weakness, this impropriety, this deep wrong in your nature. Do you not know how inevitably they will say, If she can be so selfish in relation to her sister, she will certainly be more so in relation to us? They may humor or flatter you, but they will be afraid of the false heart which you manifest. They will despise the narrow-mindedness which you betray. But if you knew they would never notice the facts as you are aware of them; if it were possible that even God himself would not know them; still would you not feel how ill they

become you, how far they degrade you? Entirely alone, would you not suffer the severest mortification on their account?

Suppose it to be true that your sister has less ability or agreeableness of person than you, or that she is irritable and unpleasant in her temper, then surely you ought to pity her. Your love to her ought to induce the most soothing and winning tenderness, that you may relieve her misfortunes and correct the wrongs which she manifests.

She may be younger than you, but this gives you no right to domineer over her, to wound her feelings, or place your wishes so very much above hers. You are bound in duty to be her guide, her bright example in all the purity of virtue and the sweetness of love. If she has defects, you are to seek to remedy them, never by severe accusation or scolding, but always by kind advice and charming graces of character and bearing.

You may, it is true, have wants that she has not. You certainly have duties and

responsibilities which are above hers. It may be even true that you ought to have a different education from hers, and it may be either more or less, but you are by no means thus entitled to make her in any way uncomfortable. If the difference should be providentially in your favor, her claims to your indulgence, to your love and respect, are certainly not impaired by this circumstance; if it should be in hers, you are to rejoice in her good fortune, and show, by your kind and generous bearing, that you enjoy her prosperity because she is your sister, and therefore unspeakably dear to you.

Is your sister older than you? then let your kind and respectful bearing show that you appreciate her superior advantages. Do not rashly set aside her counsels, which are designed to regulate your habits, improve your manners, or guard you against dangers. Allow that she has experience, and probably discretion, superior to your own, and do by her as you would wish your younger

sister to do by you when you reach mature age. This is the great Christian law.

Be kind to your sister. You will not always enjoy her society here. Circumstances may remove her far away from you, and the sweet hours of your childhood, your plays and rambles, your studies, and talks, and prayers together, will return no more. Improve them while they last. Let nothing which you shall say or do stamp their memory with regrets or disgrace. God may call your sister into eternity, and leave you alone amid the melancholy scenes of your early joys and sorrows. What then could ever relieve your regrets, if the life of the dear departed one had been made uncomfortable by your cold neglect, or vicious temper, or annoying words? Alas! what gloom would come over you with such sad memories! what bitter self-reproaches would mark your hours of reflection! From a stern sense of right, for the happiness of your own soul, for the peace of your family, for the eleva-

tion of your sister, for the promotion of all that is included in the idea of a true woman, we beseech you avoid everything that impairs the force of genuine love, and cultivate the most tender regard for the feelings and interests of your sister.

BE KIND TO YOUR BROTHER.

Have you a brother? Then let us distinctly say, that the same kindness which we have urged as your duty toward your sister, is due to him; and there are other suggestions arising from your peculiar relations to him.

Your brother needs agreeable society. If he should be so unfortunate as not to find it at home, he will seek it elsewhere. The want of interest in his home will expose him to all the temptations which artful vice may seek to throw around him. He may lose that feeling of responsibility which always arises from constant association with those whose good name and sacred honor he is compelled to represent. He will inevitably lower the

standard of his chosen associations, and having commenced to descend, he may pass below the reach of all effort for his salvation. Should you prefer other company to his, should you be cold, or fretful, or severe toward him, so that his few hours at home should become unpleasant, and he should feel that there is more sympathy and peace for him elsewhere, he will certainly become a stranger where all his earthly interests should center, and you may not be surprised should you find him consorting with the vilest, in places of debauchery and crime.

A sister's love is, perhaps, next to religion, the strongest force which can be used to prevent this disastrous tendency in a young man. He does not suspect the heart that has beat in unison with his from the days of childhood. He knows the genuineness of those tender sympathies which have never been wanting, in trials great and small, for so many years. He will make you his confidant. He will tell you his plans, and he cannot, if he

would, conceal from you his exposures to danger. He will listen to your kind suggestions; your remonstrances will compel him to reconsider his perilous schemes, and your tears will dissuade him from executing them. You, at least, will never give him up. The love of his superficial friends will vary with his circumstances, but yours is changeless. Those who have sought to ruin him will abandon him as he becomes unable to minister to their degrading selfishness; but his sister will never disown him. She may be compelled to shed the tears of bitter anguish over him; she may be compelled to entreat and remonstrate at every opportunity, for many weary days, and nights, and years, but she will still say, He is my own dear brother, and I cannot give him up. Only the mother's heart could be stronger, and that even now may be still in death.

May we, however, here distinctly ask your attention to those qualities of mind and heart which will constitute the elements of your

power in this fearful contest with the spirit of crime?

You must be a model young woman, that he may feel the force of your attractions, and prefer your company; that he may form his standard in view of your virtues, and scorn to associate with females who are without them. Whenever he feels inclined to pay special attentions to a lady of inferior character, he should be certain to say, "She is not like my sister. If she were intelligent, interesting, and elevated in her self-respect and bearing, as my sister, I could love her; but the contrast is too great. I should be an actual loser, were I to exchange the companionship of my sister for hers."

Should he be inclined to become the associate of ignorant, self-conceited, wild young men, let him feel, and be obliged to say, "These are not suitable company for my pure and noble, high-minded sister, and my friends ought to be hers. I have no right to respect a man whom, for his empty-headedness

or grosser vices, she would despise. If I accept the society of such young men, I shall gradually become like them, and I shall then be unfit for the society of my sister. My coarseness will grieve her, my guilty eye will betray my degradation, and I shall feel that I have no right to her confidence. Her very compassion and tender affection will torture me. I cannot, will not keep the company of young men whose characters, and words, and actions copied, would make me unworthy of my sister; whom I could not bring home with me and introduce to her with the utmost propriety. I will not indulge in words which I should be unwilling to have my sister hear, or acts which I would not allow her to see." The power of your character and bearing must be such as to compel him to say this, and produce instant recollection of you, and the deepest genuine sorrow, if at any time he has been betrayed into a violation of wholesome laws.

On your own account you will be select in

your company, and the safety of your brother will be a strong additional motive. The young men whose visits you allow at home should be such as you would wish your brother to be, their bearing and habits such as you would wish him to imitate. Should you find that you have been deceived in them, that they are trifling in the general tenor of their conversation, unchaste in their allusions, inclined to dissipation and a reckless waste of time and money, cut their acquaintance at once. For your brother's sake, as well as your own, avoid them as you would the touch of pollution. Shrink not for a moment. Let no circumstance of wealth or standing, or even social pleasure, prevent the prompt and high-minded decision which the safety of one you love and seek to elevate absolutely requires. The force of your position will be decisive. Say, without a moment's hesitancy: "I would not keep his company if he were a prince, for he will ruin my brother." This is true nobleness

of soul. This is the dignity that guards the sacredness of home, and diffuses a conservative, regenerating influence through society.

We need not inform you that your lady company will be, if possible, more important to the interests of your brother. You are certainly not at liberty to cultivate the friendship of those whose company your brother ought not to keep. Your familiarity with young women is your indorsement for him, and, indeed, every other person over whom you have influence. You have much better means of knowing them, of understanding their true worth, than he has, and no social charms or position should for a moment influence you to bring into his society those whom he ought not to respect, and whom it would not be morally safe for him to love.

More than the question of safety should be taken into the account. The influence of your friends should be refining and elevating, so that the inner life of your brother should be purer and higher for the privilege of

their acquaintance. The habits of your social gatherings should be those of sound, improving minds, conscientious, happy Christians, and increasing usefulness.

We cannot urge with too much earnestness the limitation of your outside entertainments by the well-being of your brother. If you indulge in fashionable amusements, he will do so also, and he will be sure to go further than you could think of going. If you take him to the splendid party, where there are cards, and wine, and dancing, he will certainly insist upon the opera, the theater, the drinking saloon, and the gaming table. We beg of you, call none of these things harmless. In their most innocent forms they are the starting points, the beginnings of all that is demoralizing and ruinous in crime. What could relieve your anguish if, upon seeing your brother reel in drunkenness, you were obliged to say: "I taught him to drink wine in my own parties at home, and those into which I introduced

him abroad?" or, should he adopt the wandering, degraded life of a play-actor or mountebank: "I taught him to love the theater;" or, should he become a gambler: "I taught him cards in our quiet games of whist." You see our meaning, and feel it in every sensibility of the soul. Beware, then, we beseech you, for your brother's sake beware, and turn instantly and forever away from the temptation and from the tempter.

If you had no brother, would you give up your own immortal mind to fashionable dissipation? Have you no higher aims for this world and the next than those of the ballroom, the card-table, or the theater? Do you wish to feel, and act, and suffer as the devotees of wordly pleasure feel, and act, and suffer? You have known some of them. Do you wish to cultivate the irreverence for God, and the Bible, and serious religious exercises, which they manifest? Would you have as little time and disposition to attend prayer meetings, and experience meetings, and to

remain in secret devotion, as they have? Would you have the bitter memories and miserable forebodings of their death scenes? We are certain you would not. Indeed, you would shrink with feelings of indescribable horror from such an experience. When, therefore, to all this we add the searching question, Would you secure such a fate for your brother? we are certain you will turn away from the bewildering, perilous life in which the current of vice is too strong for you or for him to resist.

Let us not fail to remind you that, to meet the high obligations you are under to your sister and brother, you must depend upon the grace and strength of Almighty God. No natural heart can reveal the moral beauty, and exert the moral power, which this hallowing, awing influence implies. Home must be a place of devout feeling, of reverence for God, of religious conversation, of sanctifying experience, if it purifies and elevates the minds that center there; and the sister, the

daughter, contributes largely to the settlement of this great question. We tell you seriously, that a good and safe home for a young man with a rude, wicked, reckless sister, is utterly out of the question; while a pious, consistent, elegant sister can do much to secure his safety against all adverse influences. Go, then, to the God of your fathers for help. Consecrate your whole soul to him. See that your communion with him is deep and constant, that you may have the pious influence which your relations demand. Let your reading, and conversation, and music, and social gatherings, all be brought under this sacred influence. You will not be the less cheerful, and interesting, and influential because your religious life predominates and becomes the animus of every other form of life. Far otherwise. The happiest women, young or old, the most agreeable and accomplished we have ever known, have been those of pure and glowing piety. Are you without this commanding attraction? Are you only

nominally a Christian? Is your heart with the world while your name is with the Church? Alas! what perils surround you! What dangers do you throw in the path of him who ought to feel the pressure of your hand and the power of your winning smiles, drawing him to Christ as his sanctuary, and to heaven as his home.

SECTION III.—THE WIFE.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

WE may assume that our young true woman will not desire to live a single life. We think she ought not to desire it. True, there may be circumstances under which she ought not to marry. Of these, with the advice of her parents and confidential friends, she must be the judge. It is not the province of an author to know the contingences on which a particular case should be determined. Should it be your deliberate and conscientious

judgment that the circumstances do not favor a change in life, we are aware that you have a sphere of happiness and usefulness, in some respects, peculiar to yourself. You may have an opportunity of devotion to parents, to the sick and the destitute, and even to the work of teaching, which would be impracticable in married life. We join not in the vulgar cry against "old maids." We have known some most worthy and useful maiden ladies, of various advanced ages, and found them happy in their sphere of life and labor. But we regard this manner of life as the exception. Marriage is an institution of God, and is pronounced by the Bible to be "honorable in all." It is the natural state of mature age, and the very basis of virtuous society. Whoever decries or dishonors it is the enemy of his race.

We venture to address the young woman upon this delicate subject, and to make such suggestions as we believe to be founded in principle, experience, and interest.

DO NOT BE IN HASTE.

We would caution you against early anxiety upon this question. The suitable age for the marriage of a young woman is quite definitely fixed by public opinion and custom. It should, we believe, on no account be earlier than eighteen, and not generally later than twenty-five. Early marriages are praised, in poetic style, by glowing imaginations and ardent temperaments, but not by sound discretion. They may be very fortunate and happy, and so may very late marriages. We insist, however, that there shall be time for a thorough education, and for the habits of body and mind to be settled. To rush prematurely into the responsibilities of a wife would be to bring sad disappointment upon your companion, and bitter regrets upon yourself.

Early anxiety upon this subject will divert you from your studies, produce a vain and dangerous forwardness in manners, expose

you to severe criticism, and prevent the exercise of a calm and mature judgment in a matter of the very gravest importance. The very permanence and sacredness of the relations contemplated should guard you against trifling in relation to them. Wait till you have some just knowledge of yourself, of the world, of the bearing and character of men, before you seriously entertain the subject of marriage. Alas! how many have mourned their extreme folly when mourning was of no avail! found themselves in a position revealing traits in their own characters, and that of their husbands, which, had they been known, would have utterly forbidden the union. We are aware that no absolute certainty upon this subject is practicable; but we are safe in claiming that maturity of judgment will give much better competency to discover the truth, and ascertain reasons for or against, in advance of an irrevocable decision.

Young girls who accept the overtures of

a man or a boy, and pass themselves over in return, without having formed a character or being able to judge of another, commit a grievous indiscretion, if not a fearful crime, for which the bitter regrets and tears of a lifetime must make atonement. The child at home, the school-girl, the young miss dependent upon the discretion of her parents or supervisors, has no reason to entertain the subject of marriage. She should decline all special attentions which look to this result, and devote herself to her education and the useful employments of her minority.

Love is a mistaken term, an indiscreet and much-abused sentiment. The warm glow of passionate admiration alone, does not deserve to be termed love. True love must have antecedent intellectual convictions for its basis. Without this it is excessive, temporary, and frivolous, in no respect sufficient as a reason for matrimonial alliance. It does, we grant, sometimes spring up at first sight, or with slight acquaintance. It may be reciprocal

and pure, and form a reason for a desirable acquaintance. But we lay it down as a rule of the highest importance, that no marriage should occur without thorough acquaintance.

The feeling of passionate admiration should always be held in check. It is, you must remember, perfectly blind. It will as soon and as likely rush over a precipice, or into the jaws of the devourer, as step upon solid footing in a path of safety. Whenever you feel it, pause to think; ask it, command it to subside and give place to sober reflection. Let time occur to see what are the genuine claims of its object, before it is allowed a step in advance, even in the way of response to the most fascinating and pressing overtures. Ruin, fearful, guilty ruin, may be before you. As you would dread the doom of the deserted, the insulted, the suffering victim of cruel selfishness or unprincipled vice, beware of the promptings of sudden admiration.

ACQUAINTANCE.

First among the preliminaries of marriage is acquaintance; the more thorough and extended the greater the safety.

You should know the family of one who asks your hand. We have before granted, in effect, that there may be a worthy son of an unworthy sire; that the most estimable qualities may sometimes appear in an individual whose ancestors and relatives are exceedingly vile. And such noble exceptions are deserving of all possible commendation. It may also be intimated that these exceptions will represent the different sexes in about equal numbers, and afford ample opportunities for alliances of about equal advantages and disabilities. This is fair on both sides. We are aware that the boundary lines may not be definitely fixed at this point. But we are consulting now not the rights or claims of others, but your safety; and we cannot omit the gravest caution as

to the family into which you marry. The blood of men, as well as of other animals, as we have already insisted, will have a strong and probably decisive influence in determining their physical, intellectual, and moral habits. You cannot, therefore, with safety, disregard this fact. Besides, you admit to the most intimate terms of equality the father and mother, brother and sister of your husband. Perfection in these relations cannot, of course, be expected; but you should never think of marrying a man, the moral habits of whose ancestry and relatives would degrade or mortify you, or tempt you to grieve him by slighting them. Avail yourself, therefore, not only of sufficient time for your own observations upon this point, but of the knowledge of your parents and confidential friends in relation to any one whose special attentions you feel inclined to favor.

You should know the habits of the man whom you are inclined to admire. This is the only safe criterion of character. He may be

beautiful in person, graceful in manners, and intelligent in conversation, and yet be entirely unworthy of you. He must have a sound, pure, and elevated character, or you cannot safely intrust yourself to him. How great the blindness which moves a young lady to make superficial qualities the condition of her confidence, who gives over her affections to the man of gay and dashing airs, of fashionable costume, of *abandon* in manners, of graceful attitudes in the ball-room, of senseless trifling and flattery in conversation, and of sporting, gambling, drinking habits. Darkness and death are in the path of such recklessness and crime. Turn away from them with horror and loathing. Cold, heartless cruelty lurks beneath the smiles and caresses which

“Lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind.”

EIGHT GREAT QUESTIONS.

If you have sufficient reason for believing that there are mutual desires for special acquaintance with the idea of marriage, before a step in advance is allowed, ask the following questions, and delay until you can obtain affirmative answers:

1. Is he free from hereditary diseases and vices?

2. Does he avoid all vicious company and the use of intoxicating drinks?

3. Has he sound moral and religious principles?

4. Does he keep the holy Sabbath, read and believe the Bible, and regularly attend divine worship?

5. Is he a Christian, or sincerely endeavoring to be one?

6. Is he a man of good business capacity and habits?

7. Is he industrious, intelligent, and judicious in the use of leisure time?

8. Is he firm and manly, and at the same time kind and respectful in his bearing?

Is he habitually all this? Then, whether he is plain or handsome, rich or poor, he is worthy of your consideration.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

One other caution we deem of the utmost consequence. Beware of hasty constructions in relation to the kind or gallant attentions of your gentleman friend. Under the influence of strong personal impulses in favor of a young man, you may incline to accept as evidence of partiality what is intended as only social courtesy. Not a habit of suspicion, but of critical observation and silent analysis, is here recommended. Learn to discriminate between the appropriate civilities of social life, and the diffident, inquiring overtures of peculiar affection. Always prefer to err on the safe side. Regard everything as common-place, as ordinary, as in the natural way of politeness, until the man

himself takes the responsibility of giving you information which he evidently intends to relate to this matter, and for which he makes himself responsible. Actually declining to understand equivocal acts, or expressive looks, or ambiguous expressions, which belong to the art of love, will be every way in your favor, and finally raise you in the esteem of any worthy man.

Bear in mind the fact that many good young men are habitually indiscreet in this particular; that they have little knowledge of character, no just idea of the implications of their own acts, and hence are not unfrequently really surprised and mortified when they find that their attentions have been misconstrued. Others are guilty of cruel art and vile deception. They seek to tantalize and even ruin their victims. If off your guard, you may think them the most violently in love when, with heart as black as the pit, they flatter only to mislead you. Against such cruel wiles the cautious bearing

we suggest to you is of the utmost importance. How many, broken in heart and injured in reputation, have repented too late the rashness of unsustained confidence.

CONSULT YOUR PARENTS.

Your special intimacies should be under the eye of your parents. We cannot, it is true, affirm that they should, under all circumstances, be subject to their absolute control; for we are, of course, aware that instances have been known in which the coldest cruelty has been practiced by parents, who have urged and even required their children to marry from motives unworthy of a morally free and intelligent being. But we assume, as we are sure you believe, that your parents are nobly above all such sordid motives and guilty conduct; that they will advise you from purest affection, and under the influence of intelligence and experience far superior to your own. You cannot, must not annihilate your own

judgment, as you are the party most deeply interested. You must, it is true, make for yourself the final decision, but this you will surely not do without the gravest and most affectionate consideration for parental advice.

We knew a daughter once, an adopted daughter, who, at an age of some maturity, gave a test of affection which we submit for your reflection and imitation.

Her associations, whether with young ladies or gentlemen, were always entirely under the control of her foster-parents. They were so not by constraint, nor as the result of a contest for ascendancy. She knew no other way. We do not think she was ever obliged to be told the second time that any person was not a suitable associate for her. Her own opinions were molded by those of her father and mother, and thus she passed by many dangers unharmed.

She used to visit her father occasionally in his study. Her gentle rap was always recognized. She could tell, at a glance,

whether he was particularly busy. If not, she took the seat she was always invited to occupy, and entered heartily into a free, cheerful, dashing conversation upon all the topics of interest to both; and then bidding him a cheerful good-by, she would gracefully retire, leaving her father to enjoy his delight in the rising intelligence and accomplishments of his daughter.

One day she came in, and her father saw that she was not at ease. She seemed not to notice the usual invitation to take a seat, but walked hurriedly about the room. The father said: "Daughter, you have something on your mind?" She replied: "I have." "Well, then," said he, "tell me what it is." She, with evident embarrassment, said: "I want to know what you think of Mr. ——." "Have you any reason to think he feels any special interest in you?" inquired the father. "Why, yes, I have; and you know, father, I have always said I would never receive special attentions from any gentleman with-

out the full consent of you and ma, and I surely never will."

The father could not conceal the thrill of delight with which he received this additional manifestation of his daughter's love. She was satisfied with the reply, and going directly to her mother, received the same answer; and thenceforward her arrangements for life were fully settled.

How many families might have been saved from deepest anguish, how much of misery and ruin might have been prevented, if the filial devotion of this adopted daughter had been the rule of others.

TRUE LOVE.

We may now return to the subject of love. Here is its proper place; not, as misleading romance is fond of insisting, "at first sight." When the mature age indicated has arrived, when time has been given to test the reality of the desires for marriage expressed to you, when the acquaintance is

such as to give you indisputable evidence of the good family and character we have indicated, then you may allow the exercise of affection to be free, but discreet. This question must finally have the utmost prominence. Do you love the man? Is your affection such as can rest alone upon rational conviction? Is it steady and increasing? Is it independent of all contingencies of wealth or promotion? A beloved friend of ours wrote to her father, asking his consent to her marriage with a gentleman of high reputation and considerable property. The father's judicious answer was, in effect, "Not unless you would prefer him to all others, if he were stripped of every dollar he has in the world." This is exactly the view we wish to present. Above all things, see that your esteem is not dependent upon the cloth, or wealth, or rank, or physical condition, which may change with advancing years. If yours is true love, it will endure anything but corruption of character; it will

not be destroyed by evidences of imperfection, not before seen; it will survive all calamities which leave the true man in his essential moral integrity. If it be the love which will justify an engagement of marriage, it will admit no rival, respond to no diverting attentions, however superior in outward circumstances, however brilliant in promises or display the person from whom they come.

Such, as we believe, are the true conditions of a happy marriage; and we have presented no visionary, impracticable idea; we have not mentioned a single particular on which we would not insist.

HOW TO GET A GOOD HUSBAND.

If now it be asked how you are to get such a husband, we answer:

1. Deserve him.
2. Keep the company, and that only, in which such young men are found.
3. Never flirt, or play the coquette; but

depend upon transparent honesty, and perfect simplicity in character and manners.

4. Give no place to attachments that are not reciprocal; and be sure that your gentleman friend is in advance of you in manifestations.

5. Be in no haste. Settle it firmly that it is far better not to be married at all than to be unfortunately married.

6. Trust much to the indications of Providence. Pray for God's blessing and direction, which, you are aware, enlighten, strengthen, and guide, but does not supersede your own judgment, nor relieve you from personal responsibility.

We are sure that these simple rules, in the light of what we have so freely said, are ample for the guidance of any young woman in the important matter of determining her domestic relations for life. We strongly incline to the opinion, that those who follow them will, in due time, be well married. And we know that, in neglect of

the principles we have asserted, multitudes have been reduced to the last extreme of wretchedness on earth.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.

Your wedding-day is over. It was doubtless a joyous day, a day of gayety, and smiles, and congratulations. We hope you may ever remember it with pleasure. But now the serious responsibilities of your new position are to be met, and it is fitting that you should recall your marriage vows.

You love your husband. You needed, you will say, no solemn vow to induce you to do this; nor can any arguments or appeal from any book increase the strength of your devotion to one so dear to your heart. Yes, we believe it. But the day of trial may come. With no deterioration on his part, with the same rich and holy love fixed upon you, there may yet be a thousand nameless circumstances which will test your devotion

to him, and make life a thing of much sterner reality than you are now aware of.

He may, however, reveal weaknesses which you never suspected, even obliquities of reason and temper which no one could once have made either him or you believe to be possible. His business may be disagreeable to you, and uncertain in its results. You may have a thousand wants which he will not find it convenient to supply, and now, what will you do?

Of all things in the world we beg you, do not scold. A fretful, teasing, scolding wife is sure to be unhappy herself, to make her husband miserable, and never to make him better. The habit is certain to be untruthful, unwomanly, and degrading. It is no matter what the provocations are. They may be the most unreasonable and injurious; your husband may even fail to love you; may be so forgetful of his sacred obligations, as to treat you roughly, and with severe neglect; he may expose himself to the just

execration of men by his intemperance and cruelty; still you may not return his abuse or imitate his insults. You may be required to advise him, to remonstrate, to entreat him with tears, but do not chafe and exasperate him by angry criminations and perpetual fault-finding. There is no power so subduing, so winning as that of woman's smiles. Pray for your husband; let the charms of love soothe and subdue him, but do not scold at him. The true woman never scolds.

You have never yet been tested to the severest extent. We must present you an example of trial and of faithfulness which will help you to judge of your own.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

THE DESERTED.

We were called down to see a woman in distress. She was a short, fleshy, plain woman, from the north of Ireland. She had a consistent story, told in such a style of

artless sincerity, and with such struggling emotions, that no one but an habitual skeptic could doubt it for a moment. She had not come to beg. She said nothing about anything of the kind. She was comfortable in her clothing and appearance, and perfectly destitute of art in her manner. One thing alone occupied her mind.

“Me husband left me. He’s livin’ with another woman; and I’ve found out that he’s like to die. Poor man! he’s done very wrong, but I don’t want him to die and niver a minister or anybody say a word to him about his soul or anything, poor man!” And then her tears flowed, and a deep sigh told of struggling emotions that no language could express.

“How did your husband come to leave you?”

“He was a good, kind husband, poor man! as any woman iver need to have in the world. He always used me well, and we took a dale o’ comfort together; and we

lived in W., and he was a mechanic, and, the poor man! he came to this city to get better wages; and *she* got my husband away from me. He didn't come home as he used to do, and I seen that something was the matter with him like, poor man! He couldn't stand it to see me feelin' so bad; and then he stayed away altogether."

Here again her swelling heart gave vent to its grief; and we fancied we saw rushing through her agonized spirit memories of early love, when tender words, and gentle smiles, and kind caresses beguiled the evening hour, and wooed the soul into sweetest slumbers; and visions of future home and blessedness danced before her mind, when she dreamed of nicely furnished rooms, rich tables, beautiful yards, and flowering shrubs, and delightful walks and green meadows, and waving harvests. Alas! a dream! only a dream! A delicious dream, it is true, but she never saw the sweet home, or nicely furnished rooms, or rich tables, or beautiful

yards, or rich harvests, and said, "These are my own."

And her bridal-day came, with its hearty rustic glee, its joyous dance, and its plighted faith; for there was a day when a gay and bright young man stood by his cherished bride, and in the presence of God and man solemnly vowed to "love, comfort, honor, and keep her, in sickness and in health: and, forsaking all others, keep him only unto her so long as they both should live;" and how did this dark day contrast with her smiling, joyous wedding-day!

And the "honey-moon" came back, with its hours of love and happiness. Days and years of *home* came back. What if it was a homely place, a small and lonely cottage? It was *home*, and her husband was by her side, and her sweet babe was there—her only babe—the idol of her heart.

"And they took little sissy away from me!" A gush of tears and another bitter groan showed all the mother there struggling

with deepest wrongs. "They coaxed her away, poor, dear thing! She was so little, and they hid her from me, and it was I that was her own mother, and nobody else; and I thought I should die when I went to find her, and they drove me away; and I'd a known her anywhere in the world, my darling!" and again the heaving bosom, and the deep sigh, and the gushing tear told what feeble language could not utter.

"Six years *she's* had my husband! She's a bad woman to take away a poor woman's husband; and I've had no one to do for me, or git me a bit of bread, or pay me rint, or anything; and I told him, poor man! I'd forgive him all, if he'd come back to me again. But he told me I'd always be a flingin' it at him, and we'd never have a bit o' peace of our lives; but I told him I'd never say one word about it as long as we lived, if he'd come back to me again and take care o' me! It was so hard to do

alone; an' he'd bring little sissy back, and let me see her once more, and I'd do everything just as he wanted me to; and, poor man! I'd a got him back hadn't it been for that cruel woman!"

"But don't ye think ye could go and find him before he dies, and talk and pray with him a word like? I don't want me poor husband to die like a baste."

"Yes, madam, I'll certainly try to find him, and do what I can for him. Call here again two days from now, and I'll tell you what I can ascertain. From the bottom of my heart I pity you. I hope you'll go to God for his help in your extremity."

"Indeed, mister, wasn't it for that I couldn't live, and all me trouble like."

THE SEARCH AND THE CRIMINAL.

The faithful pastor does not put himself upon his dignity, and go only where he is invited. His commission from Heaven does not bid him wait till needy, guilty men

search him out, and ask what they must do to be saved; but he must "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in;" he must thrust himself into the abodes of misery and death, and, by all the means God has placed at his command, with his divine Master, "seek and save that which is lost." His errand of mercy will sometimes bear him where he must inhale the odors of literal putrefaction, and where moral pestilence broods in darkness over its prey. He must press on in his pursuit of the erring and wicked to the very river of death, and, if possible, seize the spirit about to plunge to hopeless ruin.

I went to the square named by the suffering woman. It is not apparently one of the vile quarters of our guilty city. The residences are entirely respectable. I inquired, but no such man was known. I persevered, and at length found the house. A tall, decent-looking, comfortably dressed woman met me. I asked, "Does Mr. —— live here?" She

scrutinized me closely, but finally said, "Yes; he's very sick." I gave my name and calling, and said I had come to see him. She disappeared, and soon returned, saying, "Walk in and see him." I stepped in, and, alas! what a spectacle was before me! There lay a man, I should say of middle age, with the appearance of intelligence, and much self-consideration, struck down in the very zenith of his strength, a living object of the Divine displeasure. An angry bleeding tumor of enormous size rose from his face and neck; and what agony he endured! Smitten of God in the midst of his crimes, no outward heavings, no number or quality of friends can bribe the fell disease, no surgeon's skill arrest its progress. Gnawing upon the quivering fibers of life, eating asunder delicate blood-vessels and shrinking nerves, it seemed only to ask how long the sufferings of its miserable victim could be protracted. I gazed at his agonized, distorted features, and my heart sank within me. I thought of the tender sympathy and

deathless love of his wife, and of his guilty desertion, and said, "O, the bitter wrong, the unutterable misery of sin! surely 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'" Who could doubt that the avenging hand of justice had seized the culprit while yet he was breathing, to drag him to the bar before which no bribes nor pleading can avail?

I had but little to say. I could not, need not charge his crimes upon him. They were whispered in his ear by every tongue of conscience, torture, and fear. No accusing stranger need interfere with the terrible contest between a poor vile worm and an angry God! I spoke gently to the dying man. Surgeons were expected in a few hours to try the fearful experiment of removing the tumor; but to my mind there was no hope. I spoke of penitence and reparation; he assented, and seemed to endure a new pang, which he and I and God well understood. I spoke of prayer, and he assented. I bowed the knee, but my lips were well-nigh

sealed. O, what a cloud of darkness settled down over that scene. Distinctly audible to my spirit-ear was the fearful charge, "Let him alone!" With sadness that can be felt, but never told, I bade him adieu till we should meet before "the judgment seat of Christ."

When I reached my home the poor deserted wife was there. I said, "I have seen your husband, madam."

"Did ye see him?" said she, starting up with spasmodic excitement; "and did ye see sissy?"

"No, I didn't see the little girl."

"Poor little thing, they've hid her away; they won't let me see her; and she's my own dear child;" and tears came to her relief.

Then followed an expression of tenderness which made a deep impression on my mind.

"Is he all tidy and comfortable like?"

What law of God and humanity is here? What mysterious fact, deep down in the heart of love, rises with irresistible energy, above all depression, and survives the death-

stroke of unparalleled and deliberate cruelty from a sworn and bosom companion? Why does not her indignant spirit flame out in scathing reproaches that would make the knees of a tyrant smite together with terror? Why does she not seek out his shameful retreat, to tear out his eyes in just retribution for wrongs that are irreparable by any finite power? Why, instead, does she tenderly inquire, "Is he all tidy and comfortable like?" O, the deep, mysterious fountain of woman's love! With what unfailing flow does it send out its rich and refreshing streams, to start again to life and verdure the heart all callous and seared with base ingratitude and crime! Hear what it says, when it speaks without waiting to think: "Do not punish my poor husband with reproaches or neglect. I am afraid he wants the care I long to give him. I dare not trust her who in wanton outrage usurped my own sacred place, to take care of him she has torn away from me by her own guilty amours. I cannot rely upon a

stranger's hand to dress his wounds, to soothe his fevered brow, change and adjust the clothes that give relief to his bed of suffering, and comfort to his person. O, that I could go and cleanse his room, and adjust his bed, and bathe his temples! but I cannot. Is he all tidy and comfortable like?" He does not know what yet is left, feebly to intimate what human nature was when God made it, who has never seen the wife, the mother, struggling with the wrongs which none but a husband and father can inflict.

THE DISCOVERY.

We are walking a little down town, and throngs of joyous children are pouring out of one of those marvels of modern civilization, a public free school. On the opposite side of the street is a short, stout, plain woman, who seems to be eying the group with some unusual interest. Suddenly she starts—she runs—she springs across the street, and, with a shriek, she seizes in her

arms one sweet little girl, with satchel in hand, on the stoop of a house she is just about to enter. The woman is our own heroine, the true wife, the true mother! Upon the cheek of her child she showers her tears of anguish and affection. The kiss of maternal love again and again is pressed upon her darling's lips.

"My child, my own dear Mary! 'tis your own dear mother: don't you know me, sissy, dear? Kiss your mother, darling! Sissy, dear, you will go home with your own dear mother, won't you?"

The child's confusion and surprise subside, and she, sobbing, answers:

"They won't let me go with you, mother. They've given me away, mother, to Mr. G."

"But indeed you will go with mother, Mary."

"I want to go with you, mother; but they say you are a naughty woman, and will beat me: would you, mother?"

"Beat you, my blessed darling!" and again

the fond embrace, the shower of kisses, the broken sobs reveal the mother and the child.

"See me write on my little slate, mother!" and her little fingers ply nimbly with the pencil. "That's my name, mother?"

True, and it was the only kindness shown the suffering, injured mother. They had not seen proper to alter the name of her sweet little Mary.

"I can write more words, mother;" and again the pencil dashes over the slate, and beautiful lines show that she is a nice little scholar.

"So you can, my darling; and you shall be clerk in your mother's store in W. yet."

God only knows what sweet hopes sprang up in that desolate bosom; but they are not yet realized. The benevolent family to whom the wretched father had intrusted the little one knew nothing of the previous facts. They were kind, but the strong arm of the law must be called in to restore this

alienated child to her mother! They sat down and dined together for the first time since little Mary was a child in her mother's lap. Heaven grant it may not be the last! They parted; for stern necessity commanded it. Little Mary kissed her mother, and bade her good-by, and said:

"Mother, they didn't give me enough to eat when I lived with that other ma."

There was a funeral on — street. It was no hurried, neglected funeral. "The brothers" of various orders were there, in rich regalia. The splendid hearse, the long procession passed by, and the funeral air died away upon the ear.

"Me poor husband's dead!" said the distressed woman at my door, bursting into tears; "and I'm so glad he saw a minister, and heard a few words of prayer like, before he died!"

The curtain dropped, to be lifted again at the judgment-day!

A GREAT CONTRAST.

What now will you say of your trials? Can you grieve over them? Can you make them the occasion of fretfulness, and turn your home into a Babel on account of them? Can you mention them?

Your husband is with you. He loves you as tenderly as on your joyous wedding-day. He has, it is true, his infirmities, perhaps his faults; but he values no toil, no sacrifice, to contribute to your happiness, or relieve your cares. He is your own dear husband! Give him your heart's pure affections, and make him happy. Be true to your marriage vows. A faithful wife, if anything, will surely make a good husband.

We have said thus much to anticipate and provide for "the shady side." Most gladly do we claim that there is a "sunny side" to the domestic scene. We deem the sterner trials of connubial life the exception, and mutual affection and happiness the rule.

Allow us to assume that you are pleased with the essential qualities of your husband's intellect and heart; that to you and to others he seems a noble being, whose manly virtues and generous love subdue and relieve the ills of life; whose kind forbearance and graceful dignity make you almost forget, in his presence, that life has its burdens and its sorrows; that his devout piety softens and refines his stern reason, his heroic courage, his lofty aims, and his energetic will; that he supports weakness, relieves distress, commiserates folly, scourges vice, and elevates all who receive his confidence and are allied to his fortunes; then we may attach a higher significance to the idea of a faithful wife.

Now something more than patient endurance under trials is demanded. You have the dignity of an equal to support. Faithful to his claims upon you, with quiet, persevering energy, you will avail yourself of every means of improvement within your reach. The education of your early days

will not be laid aside as a useless thing, belonging only to the past. Your rigid economy of time, your facility in seizing opportunities, will show that multiplied household cares cannot defeat the progress of a woman's mind, or doom her to degrading ignorance. Your husband's library, and scientific acquirements, and fresh literary intelligence, and obliging disposition, will all be laid under contribution to make you worthy of him, and to secure you the consideration from his elevated society which his best wishes and highest interest could demand. You will maintain a style of taste in dress and bearing, and a grace in society at home and elsewhere, suitable to his position and yours. You will consecrate yourself anew and perpetually to God, that you may well and truthfully represent the power of Divine love and human co-operation in that noble character of a true woman, a faithful wife.

A HAPPY HOME.

Our true woman is now supposed to be settled in life, and everything which can give comfort to herself, her family, and friends, is highly important. She will bring into requisition all her practical wisdom. She is supposed to be the presiding genius of the kitchen, the parlor, and the grounds about her residence. She can rely, it is true, upon her husband, as the responsible head of the household, for means, advice, prompt assistance, and final decision in doubtful cases; but his duties are generally elsewhere. He has another sphere, and may not spend his time to be the special active superintendent of home. Nor is it necessary. This is eminently the sphere of the true woman. She keeps everything in and around the house in perfect order. She sees that the provisions furnished by her husband are all managed with neatness and economy; that the timely meal, however

frugal, is wholesome and agreeable; that an air of comfort and contentment prevails everywhere; no noise or bustle in her movements; no fretting and storming at servants; no complaining of evils that cannot be avoided; no negligence of the duties or claims of any person or thing about the house; a strong self-command in time of trouble, and reliance upon God under all circumstances; a smile for her husband when he returns, a kind and hospitable welcome for strangers, and a cordial salutation for her friends; ready to do with her own hands, in the kitchen or elsewhere, whatever necessity requires or propriety admits; and ready, at the proper time, to take her place gracefully in the parlor. Truly whoso findeth *such a wife*, findeth a good thing, and hath obtained favor of the Lord.

Let it not be presumed that the home-life of such a Christian woman is one of solitude and uncomfortable restrictions. She is not alone. She seeks and enjoys the

communion of God and of angels, fit society for her chastened spirit, purified by the blood of Calvary, and so frequently absorbed in contemplating the ineffable glories of redemption and the moral splendors of the Godhead.

And within the hallowed circle of her pure affections, her husband, children, friends, are included. Upon them she may expend the wealth of her love, upon them she may shed the sunlight of her shining virtues. In them she may reproduce her genial loveliness, and in the realization of that grand idea, a happy home, she may sum up the perfection of her earthly bliss.

She may lay her ability, her love, her courage, her power of endurance and of suffering, a willing offering upon the pure shrine of her husband's weal; and if a wretch, he shall be less a wretch; if a man, he shall be more a man, because she loves him.

She can be the forming power, presiding

over the development of her darling boy, and the guiding angel to the steps of her beloved daughter. She can give the feeling of comfort to her guests, and throw over the whole scene the light of clear intelligence and genial piety.

But her sphere is not exclusively domestic. Home, it is true, is her sanctuary, the center of her earthly affections, the scene of her special trials and purest bliss. Her high prerogatives begin, but they do not terminate here. Indeed, she hardly does anything only for home. Those quiet, unpretending labors, which seem designed merely to bless the husband or child, reach on through the cycles of time into eternity.

Her husband, perhaps, is a public man, a useful member of a high and holy profession. She watches the approach of disease, and, by her tender care, prevents its attack or breaks its force; and, in the thousand nameless modes which love alone can devise or execute, does vastly more

than physician's skill to perpetuate that valuable life, every week of which relieves some earthly woe, imparts some worthy lesson to the listening crowd, evolves some new undying truth from the world of thought, throws obstacles in the way of reckless, daring vice, uncovers and wounds with deadly blow some secret, lurking foe of human happiness and life, breathes immortal vigor into fainting, expiring virtue, kindles afresh the fires of devotion, and saves the deathless sinner from the flames of hell.

She relieves the cares, soothes the heart, sweetens the temper, supports the courage, and inflames the zeal of the man whose life-burdens would otherwise crush him to the earth. When body, mind, and heart are overtaxed with exhausting labor; when the heavens are overcast, and the angry clouds portend the fearful storm; when business schemes are antagonized, thwarted by stubborn matter, capricious man, or inauspicious

providence ; when coldness, jealousy, or slander chills his heart, misrepresents his motives, or attacks his reputation ; when he looks with suspicion upon all he sees, and shrinks from the frauds and corruptions of men with instinctive dread, there is one place of sweet repose for his weary limbs ; one place of calm and sunshine amid the lowering storm ; one world, a little, lovely world of smiles, to greet him when he comes ; one heart which is true, of which he has no suspicion, whose love is pure, and deep, and changeless as the God who gave it.

With what fond longings does he turn toward that paradise, his home, and gaze upon that bright and central orb, whose genial light kindles with soft and heavenly radiance upon the scene of loveliness which invites him to rest. With what refreshing gladness does he retire from the noise, and strife, and selfishness of the gentile court, into this *sanctum sanctorum* of the world's vast temple. As he settles into his easy

chair, and hears sweet voices call him father, feels the soft press of affection's hand upon his fevered brow, and love's charming kiss upon his lips, and his heart receives the endearing caresses of her who calls him husband, what delicious, holy pleasure melts and fills his soul! How calmed the storm which he had felt within! How his burdened heart lifts up itself and feels its burdens gone! How changed the colors of this great world! The light of his home streams out upon the surrounding darkness, and he fancies much of earth's deformity has disappeared; that it yet has beauties for the spirit eye, and chides himself for the premature beginnings of a heartless misanthropy.

How fresh in the morning is the glow of his health! How warm are the pulsations of his heart! How charming are the visions of his future, as he returns to the scene of his toil! Who would say that he will not live longer; that he will not battle the

world's ills with a higher, nobler heroism; that he will not vastly swell the number, and enhance the value of his moral triumphs in the cause of humanity and God, for having felt the power of home, and renewed his life, and revived his energies, in hallowed devotion at the altar of domestic love?

Grant that others besides woman have responsibilities at home; that the husband, father, child, and friend each has the power to disturb the quiet and mar the beauty of home, or to contribute in ten thousand ways to its happiness and perfection. Still we fully accord the supremacy of domestic bliss to the wife and mother; a high responsibility if home be a cheerless, desolate abode, and the highest merit if it be an earthly paradise.

SECTION IV.—THE MOTHER.

This is a charming word. It presents to the mind a purer, nobler image than any other applied to human beings. It recalls a thousand memories of tender sympathies, devoted attentions, and affectionate counsels which make up a large portion of our earlier life. We respect and love our mothers while living, and venerate and embalm their memories when dead. What infinite wisdom is revealed in the maternal and filial relations!

The true mother at home is an object of interest to men, and angels, and God. She is the female representative of the family. With her husband, she stands at its head and exerts a controlling influence over its character, and happiness, and destiny. The world feels her power, and the good and honorable of all nations and all ages combine to do her homage.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

It is natural for a mother to love her child. She need not be taught by one of longer experience. She needs not the force of logic or persuasion, of appeal to hope or fear. As well might you entreat the thirsty to drink, or the joyous to smile, or the weary to rest, as to beseech a natural mother to love her offspring.

But we may be asked how a mother's love differs from any other. We answer, in its tenderness and strength. All love includes delight in an object with a desire of good to the object. But whoever studies carefully the action of a mother's heart, will find in it a quick and exquisite susceptibility of feeling that is really distinctive. The same wants and exposures which would produce no impression upon the mind of another, will start the inquiries and prompt the action of a mother. Danger which to others seems quite ordinary and unim-

portant, will rouse the anxiety and prompt the exertions of a mother. She wakes at the least movement or crying of her beloved infant, while others near sleep without concern. She hears all the complaints, watches all the tears, and feels all the anguish of her little sufferer, as none but a mother can.

Evidently this is an arrangement of God for the child's protection. Helpless infancy requires the vigilance and tenderness of a mother's love. The years of childhood and youth, and even maturer age, modify without annihilating the demand. A gracious Providence has provided a special sensitiveness of soul, a deep fountain of sympathy, and a living devotion, to preserve and bless our early being, and has not made them contingent upon the beauty or conduct of the child, upon the cultivation of the parent, or the laws of civilization.

True, mothers in heathen lands sometimes destroy their children; but a close study of the opinions and customs of those benighted

nations will show, that the very devotion of the mother's misguided love moves her to infanticide, that she may spare her precious babe the disabilities and disgrace to which it is doomed by vicious caste and cruel custom.

The strength of maternal love is subjected to many severe tests which mere humanity, without this relation, would not endure. The kind offices demanded by helplessness are not mechanically, but tenderly and affectionately performed by the mother.

THE MOTHER'S TRIALS.

SICKNESS.

Does disease attack the delicate form, and threaten its safety? then the mother's tender heart yearns over the precious babe, and bears, without exhaustion, the watchfulness and toil which would subdue a feebler affection; and when protracted care and alarming dangers have overtaxed the strength of

muscle and nerve, you shall see the mother rouse herself to superhuman efforts. Her power of endurance is astonishing. When tired nature, it would seem, should sink under its burdens, she is all eye and ear; no entreaty can induce her to sleep when a thought or an impulse suggests the slightest relief to her darling sufferer. Nurses, relatives, and even fathers, may sink under sheer fatigue, and yield in despair; but the mother seems as if just reinvigorated for her task, and long after the physician's skill is exhausted the love of a mother is fruitful in expedients, and to the very last moment she can think of something to relieve the dying child, and which, to her trembling hope, seems to furnish some slight reason for encouragement. How many precious lives have been saved by a mother's love!

WANT AND CARE.

Poverty presses hard upon the mother. The father feels it; but he may spend at

least a part of his time beyond the reach of its imploring cries. When the child of her bosom moans with hunger, the mother is there to hear it. When it shivers with cold, the mother sees and feels it. For weary days, and nights, and months, and years, there is no relief. Of the mother the child begs for bread. To the mother the child complains of ill treatment and scorn from the heartless brood of the rich and the proud. From the mother the child expects the clothing for its shivering limbs, and the covering in the night of cold.

The father and the child may retire to rest, but the mother cannot. She must think, and manage, and arrange, until she is satisfied that there can be something for the scanty morning meal. She must receive the little tattered garments from the group, as, one after another, they are thrown aside; nor can she think of slumber until they are cleaned and repaired for the morning's use.

When her brief slumbers are over, she

must rise, and begin her toil. The daughter may say she is weary, and remain in bed; the son was up late, and may sleep on; the father does not feel well, and may indulge himself for an hour; but the mother must be up early, that she may lose no time, that she may work as hard and long, and earn as much as possible. She has her little remedies ready for every bad feeling which has been mentioned by any of her beloved family, or which her devoted interest, ever on the alert, has conjectured. Her own fatigue, her necessities are all suppressed, forgotten, indeed, in her care for others. Her quick and searching eye has witnessed a pale countenance as some loved one has said good-night. She has detected a cough or a sigh, in sleep, which no one else has heard; and her tender care and skillful, simple remedies are at hand when the day begins. Hard indeed must be the poverty that will crush a mother's heart, or exhaust her resources!

DEPRAVITY AND DISOBEDIENCE.

Soon come on the trials from a fallen nature and wrong-doing. These are peculiar to no class or condition. Vicious and dangerous tendencies reveal themselves, and all bear upon the heart and rouse the anxieties of the mother. True, she may have tender excuses for them; she may seem to be blind to them; but this is only in appearance: she really knows them. They prey upon her when no eye sees her but the eye of God. She studies, and suffers, and prays for her erring son when he sleeps. She sheds the tear of anguish over the exposures and errors of her daughter, when all besides are unconscious of danger near. She kindly warns and tenderly expostulates, when teasing recklessness demands indulgence. A false and fatal step brings upon her suffering spirit an intensity of anguish which none but a mother's heart can bear. The sad and perilous influence of bad society alarms her fears,

and presses heavily upon her. She sees the presence of a suspicious stranger with the eye of concern; asks in relation to his family, and business, and habits, in a manner clearly indicating her dread of pernicious influence over those for whom she sacrifices her strength and personal comfort, in the spirit of a martyr.

From her very childhood she has had the impression that games, and balls, and all the various popular amusements so loved by the wicked, are perilous to the young, and her wider observation and maturer reason have fully confirmed the impression. How deep is her distress when a wayward child seems determined to break away from restraint and enter the whirl of popular pleasure. God only knows the anguish of her heart when, on her knees in secret prayer, she remembers that her loved one is afloat upon the sea of vice; or when she is at her class or prayer meeting, or evening lecture, and the thought rushes upon her mind that her

son or daughter is dancing amid the giddy throng, or mingling in other scenes of wickedness and danger, oblivious to all ideas of God and the final judgment!

She has failed to "train up the child in the way he should go;" we trust not for want of sound precept or holy example. If this be the explanation, it adds bitterness to the cup she is compelled to drink. It may be she began too late; that she has wanted co-operation in the living example and manly firmness of the father; perhaps she has lacked confidence in God. She has doubtless met with obstinate resistance in the fallen nature she has sought to reform. She has probably been unsteady in her measures, indulgent when she should have been inflexible, and possibly rash when she should have been gentle and kind. But, whatever the reason, she feels that she is failing, and her disappointed hopes recoil with fearful force upon her agonized heart. Is it possible that the object of her fond affections and

wasting care will permit the repetition of the blow? Will all traces of past and present obligation, all feelings of gratitude be effaced from the soul, for the purity and safety of which so much has been done and suffered? We trust not. We join our earnest remonstrance, our affectionate entreaties, and our fervent prayers with those of the devoted mother. May Heaven bless the honest endeavor.

Disobedience may come with the minor troubles of the afflicted mother. At first, perhaps, it is only a slight departure from amiable requests or reasonable commands; but soon it becomes bolder and more frequent, until the caprice of the child is substituted for the wishes and sound direction of the mother. Grant that all shows a want of skill and moral force; the sorrow of the mother's heart is not a particle the less. It is even greater, as, to all her afflictions from exposure to the child, she must add a measure of self-reproach, from which she may

never be fully relieved, until the erring one is restored to conscious rectitude and to filial duty.

RELIEF.

We do not forget that we have recognized the power of parental love and faithfulness, that we have encouraged the highest hopes of success in the use of rational and Scriptural means; that honest, consistent endeavors ought to succeed in training up a child in the way he should go, and then he surely will not depart from it.

We do not forget that we have already attempted to delineate a most perfect system of scientific and religious training, providing for the awakening and conversion of the child; and that sufficient attention to the teachings of Divine truth, upon the part of parents and children, will surely relieve the mother's heart of its severest pressure, and prepare the way for the utmost harmony in prosecuting the noble work which God, in his providence, has

intrusted to her. Here we have the rule. The failures we trust will be the exceptions.

THE MOTHER'S WORK.

We have seen the mother amid the trials of home. We are now to present the more agreeable aspects of her position. To her fond eye a thousand nameless charms spread over the scene of her domestic love and toil.

But it is not for herself alone that she feeds and nourishes, molds and inspires the child of her affections.

A BELOVED SON TRAINED FOR THE WORLD.

In the soul of her son, by the blessing of God giving success to her efforts, she may reproduce the purity, the self-denial, the heroism of her own, but not that she may gaze with uninterrupted delight upon that lovely image. She makes not sons chiefly, but brothers, husbands, fathers; not the

child, but the man, the scholar, the author, the laborer, the merchant, the statesman, the divine. In these she lives, and breathes, and acts for the benefit of her race, in all climes, in all ages, in all departments of human effort.

To her rising sons she is an unfailing source of instruction, of prudence, and of virtue. If the vices of their hearts reveal themselves to her keen and practiced eye, she meets them with the force of maternal faithfulness, and wins them by a mother's love, a mother's piety, a mother's prayers, and a mother's tears. She brings them to the foot of the cross, and presents them to the cleansing blood of her own Saviour. She stimulates them with a love of truth, and leads them into the fair fields of science and of literature. Her sons are the channels of her thoughts, and feelings, and purposes down into the vale of the future. It is her love that swells in their hearts, her mind that reasons, and elaborates, and

resolves in theirs. It is the fire of her genius that flashes in their eyes, burns in their eloquence, rolls from their pens, and lives in their acts. She inspires them with the courage, and fills them with the heroism of Christian warriors, and gives to the world true men for its light, its support, its guidance; men clothed in the power and armed with the might of divinity, to illustrate the chivalry of its moral battles and bear off the trophies of its splendid victories. Take from the proudest combatants in life's great conflicts the qualities of maternal origin, and you leave them wrecks of themselves, ruined, helpless men. Rob the hearts of philanthropists and Christian heroes of the sentiments of virtue and piety received from their mothers, and they are weak as other men. He who feels and acknowledges not the debt, is without true filial grace, and may be deemed, in fact, already lost.

THE CHERISHED DAUGHTER TRAINED FOR
HER POSITION.

And not less does the true matron labor for the world, and for the future, in the cultivation of her daughter's body, mind, and heart.

That beautiful and sprightly native form, which she watches as a guardian angel, protects from the violence of fashion, from the attacks of disease, from the wasting power of active medicines, from the poison of confined, exhausted air, and which she develops by timely, plain, and wholesome food, by appropriate, useful, and increasing labor, by free and vigorous action in the open air, that form will yet bear the honors and perform the toils of a family, will give health and strength to rising generations. The power and the fate of armies, the achievements of ages, depend largely upon this physical training, chiefly in the mother's care.

Those early lessons which the faithful mother will intrust to no secondary agent, which lay the foundations of her daughter's education; that critical attention given to the mind's earliest development; that caution which selects her teachers and appoints her studies, which adjusts the equilibrium of her task and strength, of her inner and her outer being, are not for herself, not for her child, but for the world; for such minds as mothers make will be all the world will have when those mothers are no more.

That fond and trembling care which watches over the moral nature, which deals faithfully with its rising depravity, which struggles with its perverseness and sin, and that faith which teaches, and warns, and waits, and prays, which rests not till she sees the idol of her heart an humble penitent, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of God, and receives her back a smiling angel, which toils on till the soul is entirely cleansed in the blood of Christ, and the habits of piety are settled,

enter, with commanding force, into the future elements of domestic bliss, of social purity, and of national prosperity. She who honors this sacred charge bequeaths the purity of a Christian mother's heart, the strength of a mother's faith, the charm of a mother's love to the woman of the future, the true woman, the image of divinity on earth.

It is not the daughter chiefly, then, the mother makes, but the wife, the mother of the coming age.

This is labor, this is real responsibility; this opens up the outward sphere of woman, and reveals enough to realize her loftiest dreams of usefulness and power, to gratify her noblest, purest aspirations. Let no one say, that in our emphatic stress upon woman's domestic life we circumscribe her sphere, cramp her genius, or insult her dignity. Had she no other access to the world, could she reach the future in no other way than through her decisive influence upon the life, the character, the genius,

and the power of her husband, sons, and daughters, I hesitate not to say there is nothing in the history of human agency comparable with it; that she wields a more potent sway over the happiness and destiny of the race than ever has been, or ever can be rightfully claimed by "the lords of creation."

These are our ideas of the true woman at home; and we may contrast the charming retirement, the quiet dignity, and the moral sublimity of such prerogatives, with the exposed condition, the comparatively unimportant details, the senseless jargon, and the perishable honors modernly represented by the gross misnomer, "woman's rights." We congratulate the true women of the age, we congratulate our country, that these ebullitions of mistaken ambition, these sad demonstrations of the irrational uneasiness of the times, have met with no flattering response from the gentler sex. These masculine female conventions and harangues, books and

papers, have hardly made a ripple upon the surface of divinely created female instincts, of pure, cultivated taste, or of sound common sense. They have been answered by the smile of contempt and the lip of scorn, and well-nigh forgotten amid the absorbing interests and engrossing labors of domestic love. And let not these *unfemale* agitators deceive themselves. They have their verdict. The severe neglect of universal woman has sealed the doom of the movement, and is the standing rebuke of *the profession*.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRUE WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

SECTION I.—HEART-SEARCHING.

THE NATURAL STATE.

WE trust you have not neglected until now the great salvation. We know, however, that this is possible, and we invite you to a thorough review of the whole question of experimental and practical Christianity. First of all, look at woman in her natural condition. She shares the depravity which concentrates love upon self. She dwells chiefly and instinctively upon her own wants. These, by the force of a vicious habit, are immensely exaggerated and increased. She cannot understand why they are not at once seen and recognized by all. She cannot

appreciate the obstacles in the way of their gratification. She thinks them needless and trifling—the result of stupidity or parsimony, of envy or rivalry. She becomes impatient of restraint, exorbitant in her demands, and more or less vindictive in temper. Under the same devotion to self unrestrained, she untruthfully extenuates and artfully conceals her faults of character and person. Her deep depravity she regards only as some slight natural defect, and its unfortunate developments as more than half due to the trying circumstances under which she is placed. If she is unamiable, it is because surrounded by provoking associates and unyielding resistance. If she is idle, it is because her own ease is the only thing that comports with her sense of self-respect. The useful employments of other persons are too coarse and vulgar for her. If she shrinks from close thinking and close study, it is because mere entertainment is the extent of her prescribed sphere.

In the same proportion does she overestimate her virtues and her personal attractions. The want of capacity, of discrimination, of taste, of elegant refinement, which is so offensively evident in others, she finds amply supplied in herself. Under the guise of this depraved self-love, she is pertinaciously amiable, despite all her fretfulness, and amid storms of passion; kind and affectionate, though hypocritical, and censorious upon the slightest occasions; highly intellectual, without a sober, rational train of thought in a month; commendably industrious, without having disgraced herself by a single act of voluntary useful labor since she can remember; and undeniably beautiful, without a trace of deep and pervading benevolence or genuine mind upon her countenance.

In their outward action her unsanctified affections are equally irrational and unsafe. Fashionable elegance in dress and beauty of person become much more attractive

than the solid virtues of the heart and the reliable qualities of a genuine intellect. Vanity is preferred to humility, levity to sobriety, gayety to fitness, frivolity to dignity. In all her likes and dislikes mere impulses control. Reason is too critical, discriminating, and laborious to answer any good purpose. Mere instinct, or passion, is just capricious enough to produce an agreeable eccentricity, to assert the merit of originality and independence in her preferences and aversions. In special attachments, which may look even seriously to permanent relations, grave considerations of talent, virtue, and fitness are hardly allowed a moment's thought, while a pleasing countenance, rich attire, recklessness in a life of pleasure and sin, and a sickly sentimentality, captivate the heart, and control, for the time, the thoughts, and feelings, and schemes of the unfortunate victim.

Carrying out this delusion, an air of romance is thrown over the whole future.

A life of fashionable, splendid ease is the ideal she worships. In her morbid fancy, she sees pictured, in hues of surpassing loveliness, her future home, with all its display of wealth and comfort, but sees nothing of the sad trials which await her, sure to arise from the habits of trifling and dissipation which she has cultivated in herself and admired in the object of her unsustained affections.

To these disastrous tendencies, God, in the structure of mind, and in the course of his providence, has furnished numerous restraints which are of vast importance. Conscience remonstrates at every step, till, wearied by resistance, and paralyzed by abuse, her voice is scarcely audible to the spirit ear. Reason struggles to develop herself, and earnestly asserts her native rights as the sovereign of mind, till, overborne by the surges of passion, she passes from sight to renew her remonstrances under other and more favorable circumstances, if any such should appear in the future. Sickness,

poverty, and death not unfrequently conspire to break the spell that binds the deluded victims of folly, and, if possible, to rouse them from their slumbers before the final catastrophe which awaits them. God's Spirit, and word, and Church, with their numberless blessings and strong moral instrumentalities, not unfrequently check the headlong tendencies of the soul, while the force of a good education, strong parental influence, and occasional good society, combine to suppress the outward manifestations of these inward wrongs.

But none of these, nor all together, can effect a radical cure. The disease is in the heart. The depravity which was derived from Adam, and which has been increased by indulgence for many years, is the dreadful malady which renders healthy development impossible, and which, if uncured, must result in death, even death eternal! For this the grace of God alone furnishes the true and effectual remedy.

THE APPEAL.

As religion is eminently a personal matter, suffer us to address to you a few earnest words.

Is the condition we have described your condition? As a creature of God, have you refused to render to him the service of your created powers? Preserved by him, when every moment of your life has required the support of Omnipotent energy, have you made no proper returns of gratitude, and love, and obedience to him? Saved from hopeless ruin, and secured the proffer of pardon, purification, and eternal life by the atonement of Christ, have you rejected the glorious redemption offered to you? With only a brief opportunity to prepare for death, have you allowed many years of your precious time to run to waste? With the free offer of heaven and all its joys before you, have you treated it as a trifle, and practically rejected it? With the horrors

of hell uncovered by the revelation of God, have you recklessly moved on toward it with the rapidity of time, until you are near the fearful precipice? With an early Christian education, have you incurred the heavy responsibility of setting the practical duties urged by that education aside, and of living a worldly, vain, and impenitent life? Have the intercessions of the Saviour, the truths of the Bible, the influences of the Holy Spirit, the appeals of the Gospel, the solicitude of angels, the prayers, entreaties, and tears of pious parents, and all the care of the Church failed to bring you to penitence?

O think of it! How hard must your heart have been! How blind to your true interest! Must it be so? Must you, a child of many prayers, go from a world of light to a world of darkness? Must you be finally separated, at the judgment, from those you so tenderly love? You cannot endure it. You shrink from the thought with indescribable pain.

But permit us to remind you that your wrong is against the infinite God! It is his will that you have disregarded! his law that you have violated! his salvation that you have rejected! How, then, do all other calamities merge themselves in the single one of God's displeasure! What fact is at this moment so terrible as that he who is infinite in holiness, in justice, and in goodness, now looks down upon you with disapprobation! You are a rejecter of Christ, and God (to those out of Christ) is a consuming fire! Even now you shrink from the frown of your Maker, and would willingly hide yourself from the glance of his burning eye. How, then, could you endure it forever, beyond the reach of mercy, "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched?"

Are you convicted of sin against God, so that you are ready to say, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned?" Do you see the wrong of sin in itself, so that you would abhor it and turn from it, if it brought

after it no evil consequences whatever? Merely on its own account, do you loathe it, and desire to be saved from it? Then we are sure the Holy Spirit is reproving you, is favoring you with divine illumination, is searching you, and revealing to you your true condition as a sinner against God, against stern and righteous law, against the most exalted privileges. We beseech you, invite these gracious influences: they are your only hope for this world and the world to come. Dread not the pain of conviction, the keenness of penitential sorrow. It is harder to endure the wrath of God forever. Humbled and subdued by the grace of God, bow your spirit reverently and sorrowfully before him, confess all your sins, and implore his forgiveness.

The world turns dark before you. Its sinful pleasures have lost their power to charm. You look into your own heart, and see nothing but corruption. You look back, and see nothing but a life of rebellion against

a holy God. You see the frown of your Judge above you, and the billows of wrath before you. Poor, helpless, self-condemned sinner! where is your hope?

THE GREAT CHANGE.

Despair not: "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor, that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." "'For every man! Then," you say, "he must have died for me!" Yes: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Hear him say, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Ah! there is hope here. Fear not to come. His promise is, "Yea and amen, to him that believeth."

As Esther the queen saw the golden scepter stretched out for her to touch, and live, so now you see the scepter of mercy extended. O! touch it, and your soul shall

live. Simple, humble, implicit reliance upon the merits of Christ alone will remove your burden of guilt, will regenerate your nature, will admit you into the family of God as a child, and bring to your soul the unspeakable comforts of a present salvation. The Spirit itself will bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God.

Do you feel this divine and saving presence? Do you realize this sweet persuasion that you are now a child of God? O, what relief! what consolation! Praise the Lord for his goodness!

JOINING THE CHURCH.

We now ask your attention to the visible Church. God has seen fit on earth to commence the classification which in another world is to be complete and eternal. An outward, recognized distinction between the righteous and the wicked is based upon the real inward difference produced by regeneration. It would be natural for those

who love our Lord Jesus Christ to associate together. With feelings, and hopes, and spiritual pursuits entirely different from the mass of the world, they must "come out from among them and be separate." They have peculiar employments, which bring them into habitual association, and thus the strong bond of brotherhood which exists between them, by virtue of Divine adoption, must necessarily be strengthened by the most delightful habit.

But this is not the full idea of the Church. God himself has instituted the living organization which comprises the true Church. It is a Divine order, which belongs to every age, and reveals its distinct identity and immortal life in every dispensation.

Its outward modifications, under different circumstances, have had no effect to change its essential elements or mar its intrinsic beauty. Divine in its idea, authority, and life, it is indestructible, and holds a sacred commission to conquer the world by the

power of holiness and love. God is in its principles and its sacraments, in its members and its government, and the different denominations demonstrate their claim to membership in this spiritual household, just as they reveal the presence, and approbation, and power of God in their progress.

You see the beauty of this Divine arrangement. You are delighted with its wisdom, its permanence, and growing influence among men. You see it, from the days of Abel, manifesting the presence of God among men: grand and glorious in the days of Abraham and the patriarchs; standing out with amazing distinctness in the time of Moses and the Jews; revealing a new and ineffable glory in the days of Christ and his apostles; emerging from the obscurity of ages in the days of Luther and the Reformers; demanding the gaze and consideration of the world in the days of Wesley and Edwards; and finally, at this very time, the purest, sublimest spectacle that has attracted your

attention and inspired your admiration since the days of your childhood.

Of this delightful and divinely organized brotherhood you are now to become a living, acting member. The day which consummates that long anticipated arrangement draws near. Your Christian experience has been noticed by grave and wise devout men and women. We trust you have not looked upon the Church with the feelings of a heathen, an alien, or a stranger, and that you have not been regarded as outside of its holy covenants. By her warm, affectionate embrace and constant, faithful supervision, it is presumed you have been taught to feel that you were a child of the Church, and an heir of covenanted blessings from your infancy.

But the time has come when, for yourself, you must take upon you the vows of Christian baptism, and promise, in the presence of God and man, to renounce the devil and all his works, and assume the obligations

of responsible membership in the Church of the Redeemer.

Profound self-examination and fervent prayer, a careful study of the doctrines and government of that branch of the Church you propose to join, and a most humble dependence upon Almighty God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, we trust have prepared you for this solemn transaction.

The quiet of the holy Sabbath, emblem of heaven's eternal rest, is about you. The people have gathered in the temple of God. The pastor has proclaimed the truth of the holy Gospel in your hearing. Never before with equal solemnity did the words of the message fall upon your ear. Never did your spirit bow with such depth of humility into the dust. And yet never did you realize such richness of love, such divine support, such a glow of holy delight, as at this eventful moment.

You stand before the altar of God, and, in the presence of your young companions,

of your beloved father and mother, before the Searcher of hearts, and the whole congregation, you receive your charge and make your vows. The right hand of fellowship welcomes you to the home of your heart, of your earliest expectations, and of your future hopes. With all the powers of a soul filled with holy delight, you join in the doxology that mingles the joy of earth and heaven:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SECTION II.—PIETY.

TRUE PIETY RENOVATES THE SOUL.

RELIGION is a moral state, and a life. We must guard our readers against the supposition that in true conversion and joining the Church the work is accomplished. The Holy

Spirit, admitted, encouraged, and sustained by a lively faith, cleanses the soul from its moral defilement, and thus purifies the very source of thought, and feeling, and purpose. He commences, it is true, by subjugating the evils which have been so formidable a foe to God and man, and proceeds gradually in the work of purification; but, if allowed to complete his purpose, he takes away the last and least remains of carnal nature, answering the prayer of an ancient penitent: "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" and realizing the Saviour's richest beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

By this power of inward grace the affections are taken off from self, and raised to the true and living God, an object worthy the undying love of woman. Genuine humility now takes the place of inordinate self-esteem. Submission to the just restraints of parental authority is graceful and easy. A quiet yielding to the force of trials and

crosses which are inevitable, takes the place of fretfulness and angry resentment. A just view of her own faults chastens and subdues her whole bearing, and reduces to a reasonable standard her expectations from the world and her demands upon her friends. She is now in no respect extravagant in her estimate of her own personal charms; and looks with justice upon the excellences, and compassion upon the defects of others. Idleness is incompatible with her sense of moral obligation to God and the world, and she is therefore prompt to seize upon those opportunities of usefulness which are within her reach, and prosecutes them with becoming industry and energy. She feels the attractions of the great world of truth before her, and by diligent study she seeks to acquire and appropriate the facts and principles in nature, in history, and science, which are available to her powers of mind and her condition of life. And especially does she feel the charms of devotion. She lingers,

with hallowed delight, at the throne of grace, and, like Mary of Bethany, pours her tears at her Saviour's feet. She gazes, with a strong and steady faith, into his deep heart of love, till she is "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." Her purified affections throb in unison with his, and she looks out with purest benevolence upon a suffering world. Her feet hasten to the scenes of distress, and her hands are stretched out in compassion to the poor, the sick, and the dying.

All this is the legitimate result of inward purity, which nothing but the grace of God can impart. Every benign expression, every act of holy love which gives the true and distinguishing charm to female character, must be traced to that sanctification of heart which is the principal fact of genuine piety. If for this reason alone, we should therefore say, that piety is the most essential element of the true woman.

TRUE PIETY IS INDISPENSABLE TO THE
BALANCE OF MIND.

It is possible to educate mind so as to give undue development to some of its tendencies, and to leave it radically defective in others. The excitants which act only upon the intellect, impart masculine power to the clear and practical reason, but leave the heart undeveloped and capricious. The constant use of the imagination destroys the appreciation of reality, and creates a morbid attachment to ideal characters and scenes. An habitual indulgence of the feelings softens the spirit and disqualifies it for the stern duties of thought and reason.

Indeed, in the general modes of education there is perpetual exposure to development in parts, to extreme manifestations of some favorite tendencies of mind; hence it is hard to find, as the finished work of the schools, a perfectly balanced character. Great attention may have been given to this very point

in the nursery and the boarding school; judicious lectures may have been delivered upon a symmetrical education, the favorite study may have been discouraged and even prohibited, and the unwilling pupil been forced, for months and years together, to drill herself in matters indifferent or positively offensive to her tastes; but still there is something wanting which mere scholastic training will never supply; some grand connecting chain which will bind the whole together; some secret, all-pervading force, which, with superhuman power, will check the wanton growth of passion on the one hand, and stimulate and encourage the neglected and reluctant virtues on the other. Piety alone gives the true equilibrium of mind. It breathes the living spirit into those departments of the soul which are naturally dead, and brings up the true moral nature in counterpoise of the animal, and thinking, and feeling man. It permeates the whole being with a healthful, kindly, energizing power, and gives unity to the

capacity and the development of mind, by reducing the thoughts, the feelings, and the purposes all to a single standard, and that simple, active goodness.

Educate woman in any other way, in all the other ways devised by man, and she will inevitably present a want of balance melancholy to the eye of the Christian beholder. Strong she may be in mental power and scientific energy, polished and elegant in manners, where no question of true virtue is involved, no demand is made upon the soul for those nice moral distinctions which lie far back in the obscurity of thought and feeling, just forming for future unknown power in the conflicts of life; but in all this she is weak and helpless as a child. One touch of misfortune blights all her hopes, withers her joy, and fills her with forebodings of future ill.

It matters not what may be the gravity of mind in all other departments, levity here is ruin; deferred, protracted, it may be, but still ultimate, inevitable ruin. Sooner or

later the fearful poise will appear, and the catastrophe will not be far in the distance. When troubles come they will attack the heart, which in its weakness will invite the attack. When darkness gathers around the future, there will be no light from within to throw its rays athwart the gloom profound. We must, then, insist upon the paramount importance of piety in constructing the character of the true woman.

TRUE PIETY GIVES GRACE TO THE PERSON AND
CHARM TO THE MANNERS.

It is a principle which admits of no concealment; a holy, living, inward brightness, which shines out through every avenue of the soul, glows upon the cheek, beams from the eye, and quivers upon the lip. The highest style of beauty is moral. It is real and changeless as the structure of the soul; while the mere beauty of color and form may be marred by the slightest misfortune or attack of disease, and must, from necessity, fade under

the power of age, like the blossom that withers when the moment of its splendor has passed away. Long after the superficial charms of nature have gone forever, the true loveliness of the sanctified heart may shine in every feature, and appear in every movement. With what admirable grace does true simplicity sit in the place once occupied by evident art and ill-concealed deception. How commanding that air of reliance upon an Almighty arm for support, in the place of pretending confidence in mere human power. How dignified the expression of humility instead of empty self-conceit! How charming the glow of benevolence and love which has superseded that offensive devotion to self, which governed every look and prompted every utterance. Nay, the most ordinary features, and the utmost plainness of manner, have their ample compensation in those beauties of character which originate in a sense of Divine approbation, and which reveal, in every expression of countenance and life, the

Divine characteristics and sacred harmonies of the sanctified heart. In contrast, the light of natural beauty and brilliant art pales, and is utterly valueless. When, under the rude assaults of disease, or poverty, or age, these all turn to ashes, like the apple of Sodom, the beauties of religion will shine with new and increasing luster. Let us, then, again assert, that piety is the most essential characteristic of the true woman.

SECTION III.—WORK.

Work is the great moral law of the universe. Whoever imagines that God has formed intelligences for inactivity, that indolence or ease is appropriate to human beings, mistakes the analogies of nature, overlooks the mental and physical constitution, and rejects the authority of God's holy word.

We may venture to suggest that you have not entered the Church simply for passive

enjoyment. There are really no idlers in the vineyard of the Lord. True, your sphere in the Church is in some respects peculiar, but not on that account the less important.

Woman is not the legislator, the business officer, the preacher, the pastor, the leader of the Church. There are, doubtless, questions in relation to which she is to "keep silence in the Churches."

And yet Mary of Bethany found something to do. She turned away from the rude and bustling world, and sought her labor at her Saviour's feet. And so the Christian woman may find ample scope for her most profound abilities, for her most brilliant genius, for her deepest sympathies, for her tenderest love, and her untiring energy in the works of piety and benevolence.

THE MIND EMPLOYED.

Christianity is a world of truth—truth the most gratifying to woman's desire to know, the most deeply interesting to her

investigating spirit, and the most completely adapted to her sense of want and dependence, to her purer, loftier aspirations. Here are revelations of God, in his sublime perfections and holy law, for her study. Here are the fullest manifestations of compassion for suffering, of mercy for guilt, and of kindness to the ungrateful and the wretched, which can be found in history. Here are the sad mementos of human folly, more complicated and bewildering than the plot of the most masterly productions of human genius, more startling and fearful than the crisis of tragedy. Here are glories of redemption, brighter and purer than the effulgence of nature or of art. Here is the heroism of love which knows no peril, no suffering, no obstacle; which pursues its object of mercy through all difficulties and all time, and rushes even into the grave itself, to lead captivity captive, and receive gifts for men, for rebellious men.

And in its ample range religion takes in

the truths of mind in its mysterious powers and relations, in its wonderful facts and phenomena. It leads to the contemplation of being in its profound mysteries, its hidden sources, and amazing developments. It travels back to the origin of nature, and shows it to the eye of vivid conception a thing of magnificence and beauty, rolling from the hand of Omnipotence. It unburies the sparkling gold, the flashing diamond, the brilliant pearl, and the stupendous crystal, and solves the mysteries of the star-lit heavens, all for the spirit's gaze, which can look through nature up to nature's God; which can study, and delve, and analyze, and combine, compare and classify, generalize and eliminate forever, to know, even in a small but increasing degree, the wisdom, and power, and glory of the Infinite, and the perfection of the laws by which he forms, and sustains, and governs the universe.

These all, and indefinitely more, invite the thought and stimulate the research of quiet

but truth-seeking minds, which, in the very sphere of woman, may acquire, collect, and embody, define and reveal, the wonders of science in the most attractive and inspiring beauties of literature. Her very retirement and stillness are most favorable to philosophical pursuits, and her sensitive conscience moves her, with natural force and becoming grace, to detect the moral element in all study, the Divine in all science. She moralizes by intuition, and through the revelations of God, through nature and in the Bible, she enters unobtrusively the vast domain of the morally right, the beautiful, and the true, and revels in the wonders of law and of the atonement, in the bliss and glories of the Divine beatitudes. She drinks in the pure and elevating bliss of Christian experience, and clings with unaffected humility and soul-inspiring faith to the cross that lifts her to the throne of God.

Now let it be the aim of all these studies to furnish the mind with those elements of

intelligence and of moral power which prepare it for appreciating the condition of the world and the efficacy of its remedies, and to supply the mental force which the active labors of the Christian require; and it is easy to see that the mind's employment is all directly adapted to the Christian's mission.

There is much, also, to occupy the mind in direct inquiries into the condition and wants of the world. One grand desideratum in the efforts of the Church is thought. Pious reflection will make the true woman a competent judge as to the condition and wants of the Church, as to her relation to those wants, and the sphere and manner in which she can best respond to them. She who thinks most judiciously, in the light of the great principles which the Gospel reveals, will be certain to understand best the merits of aggressive measures for the conversion of the world, and the manner in which she can most efficiently promote them. Her

influence will be stronger, and more wisely and safely directed, if her mind is actively employed in the great problems of truth and humanity which the religion of the Bible brings out and conclusively settles. The true woman thinks.

THE HEART ENGAGED.

You see the world lying in wickedness. You see the sad developments of native depravity everywhere around you, the daring assaults of rebel man upon Jehovah's law! You see among the guilty the young, the aged, the rude, and the fair; it may be a child, a brother, a sister, once adored, or the partner of your bosom! Amid the victims of degrading intemperance, of loathsome pollution, of base selfishness, and of mad ambition, are the companions of your childhood, the once proud, and gay, and thoughtless partners of your youthful joys! Will you turn away in disgust, and leave them to perish? Will you dry up the tears which

well up from the tender memories of the past, and timidly say, "What can I do?" Ah! you have the sympathies which can get their response from hearts as hard as adamant under the stern reproaches of severe, vindictive man. You have the heart to feel, the tears to shed, and the words to utter, below the reach of which poor suffering human nature never sinks in this world of probation.

Do not discourage feeling. Woman's sympathy for human woe is the hope of the world. Go to those wretched ones; yes, go to them, the lowest, the hardest, the proudest, the worst, and know that you have but fulfilled the angel-mission of a woman's love, if, with a life labor amid the griefs, and curses, and scorn of an age, you have but saved a man or snatched a woman from devouring fire. Avoid not the objects of your pity. Your heart will suffer if you habitually turn away from the vile and the distressed. You cannot make society of

them; but see them, listen to their tales of woe, and study the problem of their relief. You have more heart than man, and your active sympathies are called out by the faithful labors of humanity which belong to the Church of God.

Prayer is the work of the heart, sustained by the intellect well informed and properly engaged in the work of human redemption; and all the vast prerogatives of prayer are woman's. Prayer is Heaven's appointed instrument of miracles by a feeble worm. Your prayers can reach the throne of God, and engage the power omnipotent which saves the lost. As you would plead for the pardon of your husband, or son, condemned to expiate his crimes upon the gallows, as you would ask for mercy for the wretch so dear to your agonizing heart, doomed to suffer under stern, inexorable law, go and plead for the guilty, under the wrath of God, and nearing the pit "where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

Were all other work in the Church denied you, a life of intercession for wretched sinners would suffice. Salvation for the souls whose very guilt appeals to your deepest sympathies, your holiest power of prayer; salvation from judicial blindness and from deep disgrace in this life; salvation from hell in the life to come, restoration to the heaven of virtuous confidence here, and to the smiles of God and the company of the Redeemer, of bright angels and glorified saints, hereafter, in answer to your prayers! Is it possible? Strange but mighty power! claim it; it is yours, and already, it may be feared, some are lost who might have been saved had you prayed with the fervor, constancy, and faith which belong to your Christian character and position.

In your pleading sympathies and prayers forget not the millions who sit in heathen darkness, who are wrapped in Mohammedan night, or bound by Jewish superstition. The missionary spirit is legitimate in the breast of woman, stronger, purer, more self-sacri-

ficing, we are inclined to think, than in man. The true woman feels for the world.

THE ACTIVE POWERS ENLISTED.

To think and feel alone in behalf of human woe would be quite irrational, and, we believe, quite impossible to the Christian. Indeed, the grand object of thought and feeling is action. The work, it is true, must be seen and appreciated, but it must be done. The will must command the resources, the hands the time of the true woman in the Church.

THE SUFFERING.

The poor, the wretched, the sick, and the dying are around you. The wail of sorrow comes up upon every breeze, and the cries of beseeching distress appeal to your heart. Look into those abodes of misery where the good and the bad feel alike the pangs which proclaim a world accursed by sin! Bear your gifts of love, like angels of mercy, to these children of sorrow. They will be doubly

valued, bestowed by your own fair hand. Besides, it is the higher benevolence, to show your personal solicitude for the souls of all the objects of your pure and noble charity. If you go to the abode of sorrow, you can examine into all the circumstances of the case. You can detect the various causes of unnecessary suffering. You can reprove, and give counsel that will never be forgotten, in the words of meekness and love, with your own gentle voice ; and smooth the pillow of distress, and bathe the throbbing brow, with your own soft hand. You can kneel and pray, commending the penitent and the dying to the mercy of Christ. God only knows the relief, the comfort, which such kind offices give, the gratitude which they inspire, and the power to reform and save which resides in them alone.

Then the combinations for benevolence, the laboring, the buying, the giving for the poor, are most appropriately yours. Never can woman give fairer, truer expression to the

goodness of her heart, than in the various well-directed, active efforts for the relief of the destitute.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

With these must be connected all hopeful efforts for the correct religious education of the young and the salvation of the world.

The Sabbath school is your home. Here your kind words, your faithful instructions, your gentle admonitions, and fervent prayers are to aid largely in forming the Church of the future. Here, as well as in the nursery, you will stamp the coming age with your own intelligence, and mold, by your sympathies and example, the minds upon which the destinies of millions depend. Here you will arouse the careless, reclaim the erring, save the lost, and fix upon immortal minds the stamp of eternity. In this field you may find full scope for your wisdom, your sympathies, and your efforts for a lifetime. We beseech you be faithful in this labor. Feel

that it is no incidental thing, that it is no matter of mere convenience. Give it the dignity of a calling, a life labor worthy of your highest abilities and greatest sacrifices. Then you will make your Sunday-school work the joy of your heart and the glory of your highest enthusiasm.

WORSHIP AND INSTRUCTION.

In the house of God there are labors for you. In the quiet assemblies of his people for the relation of Christian experience, your voice should be heard. In behalf of your own sex, who will understand you better than they will us, and who will yield to your suggestions with less timidity and more assurance than to those we can give, you must impart the light of your experience, the aid of your counsels, and the power of your prayers. In precisely these departments of usefulness we believe "those women" of the New Testament "labored much with" even an apostle "in the Lord." This

was the sphere of Anna, and Elizabeth, and Mary, and Dorcas, and a host of noble women whose record is in the revelation of God, as well as on high. That Church is poor which has not the sweet and melting voice of woman in her quiet assemblies, which shares not the affecting expression of her commanding faith, her holy love, and her inspiring devotion. She is in her own proper sphere, when she joins in these delightful exercises with the humility and gentleness of the true woman.

TRACT AND BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

In the distribution of religious tracts and the spiritual labors of the regular tract visitor, the Christian woman is indispensable. She forms a large part of that noble force which, by regular organized labor, extends religious privileges and the hope of salvation to the thousands and millions who attend no church and have no Gospel. In this glorious field of sacrifice and toil she stands

at the very head of the ranks, and, we believe, can do more valuable service than any of the sterner sex, though equally devoted. Few hearts are so hard as to reject her proffered kindness, few will return rudeness and curses for her labor of love. Her soft words, her deep sympathies, her smiles and her tears, turn the tiger into a lamb, and conquer when the most daring and vigorous efforts of man would fail.

The Christian woman is the natural friend of the Bible. In it her true rank is recognized, the remedies for her ills are revealed, and her rights are guaranteed. She loves it from purest religious instinct. She can defend it and reflect its hallowed life. She can plead for its distribution, and with her own hands bear it to the cottage of the destitute and the wretched.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

To the foreign field of Christian missions she is called to go in person. Hard as is the

sacrifice, perilous as may be the undertaking, she has the faith and the heroism it demands. By the side of the sterner sex, she reveals a fearlessness of danger and an enthusiasm which rival the days of chivalry and exceed the marvels of romance. She goes to the land of darkness because man must go, and may not go alone! She goes because there are teachings and labors there which none but woman can do. She goes because there are women and children, as well as men, in all the crimes and horrors of heathenism.

Woman, behold your work! Look at it with the heroism of faith, strong faith in God, who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" in the heroism of love—love to the Saviour who redeemed you, love for the souls of men, love of labor, love of suffering in the cause of right, and you shall be renewed for your task, and at last be crowned an immortal victor by the Saviour's own hand! Labor here, rest in heaven, is the motto of the true woman in the Church.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRUE WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

SECTION I.—SOCIETY.

WE have found home the great center of woman's enjoyment and labors. But her sphere is not exclusively domestic. In her loved sanctuary we have discovered much that belongs to the higher life of usefulness to the millions whom she can never see. Were this all, she would occupy a most exalted and enviable position. But it is not all. We find the demand for her quiet and powerful influence everywhere.

NOT A PRISONER NOR A SLAVE.

The idea that woman is forever to be shut up at home is barbarous. It disregards the

laws of mind. Woman, as well as man, was made for companionship, and when only one place, and one set of countenances, and one class of duties occupy her attention, she feels that violence is done to her natural rights. Her free and joyous spirit is subdued and broken, despondency takes the place of happiness, moroseness the place of amiableness, narrowness of mind the place of enlarged and noble views. She needs the stimulus of other minds. She must be brought into comparison and collision with other minds to judge properly of her own, to receive the corrections, and polish, and strength which such action alone can impart.

And the laws of physical health forbid restriction to any one locality or particular form of labor. The lungs must have change of air, the muscles must have activity; and a feeling of interest in the upheavings and on-goings of this crazy world must stir the blood and quicken the movements of the body, evidently formed for life and action.

Besides, society cannot do without woman. She is the light and soul of it. Her genial smiles and charming manners, her vivacious conversation, her keen wit and subduing piety go to make up the principal zest of social life. Who could consent to the monotone, the grum base alone, and no soprano or alto in the music of life? Who would endure the monochromatic, however skillfully varied, in the coloring of this great living world? A harp with a single chord, a world with but one color, would be indefinitely more tolerable than society with men only.

And yet it is not in Turkey alone that women are prisoners. One custom quite too common here, cannot be too severely reprehended. We have favored work, work in the kitchen, but we abhor the practice of making slaves of women. What less than slavery is it for a man to impose so much hard labor on his wife or daughter as to allow her no time for personal improve-

ment; no rest, but a few hours' sleep, from the drudgery of domestic life. If a man is too poor to employ a servant, he can at least, in a thousand acts of kindness and assistance, abridge and share the burdens of every-day toil. But we know individuals in comfortable circumstances, who allow their bosom companions, and the mothers of their children, to do all the cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning, and sewing for large families, merely to save the expense of help! They are menials—prisoners—for weary days and years! Their jaded, care-worn appearance indicates their oppression, and if virtuous indignation ever rose and scathed a tyrant, and compelled reform, it surely ought to do it here.

NOT A NUN NOR A RECLUSE.

It is difficult to deal in patience with the fanatical idea that woman, for the safety and good of her soul, should shut herself up from the view of the world. Every law

of mind and heart revolts from such unnatural violence.

Can it be possible that God would create the social qualities to cramp and destroy them? That he would render the most uncomfortable position in the world the most favorable to piety? Has he ever, anywhere, intimated that there is merit or propriety in self-inflicted tortures? Admitting that a devout woman is a clear and steady light, wherever she is, where is the authority for placing that light in concealment? Have we not a final and authoritative settlement of this question in the Saviour's charge, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven?" It is impossible to show how this command can be obeyed by the unfortunate prisoners of a nunnery.

It may be said that nuns are not prisoners, that they take their vows freely after a protracted novitiate; but too many facts

meet us in the face to allow this supposition for a moment. A Romanist education may predispose a mind strongly inclined to austerities, to think favorably of the cell. Deceived by the idea that her hopes are in her own sufferings, rather than in those of her Saviour; that she is to be justified by works, instead of faith alone; that her soul is to be saved from eternal damnation only by obedience to priests; that her prayers are to reach heaven through the intercession of the Virgin Mary; trained to familiarity with these enormous errors, and allowed no just opportunity to see how false and wicked they are, a young girl may be victimized by her own consent, may enter a nunnery moved by the most dreadful fears and the strongest hopes, both inspired by pernicious teaching and influence; and though startled by occasional glimpses of wretchedness, of which she has never before had any conception, she may be mechanically moved through the formal steps of the profoundest

hypocrisy the world has ever known, vainly hoping for serene repose when she has passed the curtain which separates her from the world forever.

This is not volition. It is the most oppressive coercion. Physical force is nothing in comparison with it. This may leave the mind free as God made it; but the grinding system which puts out the eyes of the soul, which puts darkness for light, and makes a captive by falsely and artfully insinuating principles and inducements which are at war with God's noblest revelations, and which contradict all fact and all truth, this is the style of coercion which dooms mind and body to its deepest possible degradation.

There is no higher regard for freedom in the incarceration of a proselyte to the Romanist faith. She has become sick of the world, or, more likely, of herself, and would, if she could, flee from the observation of the one, and the consciousness of the other; she has been the victim of cruel

disappointment or malicious fraud, and in her despair seeks the greatest possible remove from the sources and instruments of her torture. In this morbid condition, without her proper reason, without her true personal identity, she is morally dragged away to her living death!

It is utterly vain to set up a claim to liberality for institutions based upon the most odious exclusiveness known in history. With winning smiles and soft, gentle words, the candidate is beguiled from true reflection; so that, from the first day of her entrance, the chances for her escape begin to diminish. Artfully kept away from sight of parents, friends, and the world, as much as possible without rousing suspicion, she is not free, in any true sense, during her novitiate.

And after the solemn mockery of religious worship, and the mechanical concurrence in the vows that have been made for her, and the fearful caricature of death

which the ceremony requires, what pretensions of freedom then remain? What mean those cold, frowning walls, those inaccessible windows, those dark dungeons, and bolts and bars? How comes it to pass that the anxious inquiries and bitter tears of agonizing parents are all in vain; that the sighings within for heaven's pure air and the endearments of home and friends, are answered only by cold and cruel defiance? How is it that, when insulted humanity revolts from atrocities which it can no longer endure, suffering the extremes of terror and despair, there is no earthly relief? Nuns free! How can this be possible? Take down those walls, then; unlock your doors, or at least give every nun a suit of keys; send them out to make calls, open the parlor for good select society, cease to open and inspect their correspondence, keep away the odious espionage which fixes upon them the stare of eyes they cannot see; call in the piteous group, and ask them every Sabbath

where they would like to go to Church; scatter good religious books and papers about their rooms, and let them take their choice of Protestant or Catholic reading; at least hand them a copy of the precious Scriptures, and let them read, if they wish to read, the message of God to their souls! No; you dare not do it. You dare not allow the free exercise of one of the tests of liberty. Cease, then, your insulting talk of liberty to your wretched prisoners.

You will say the nuns have society. No; they have no society. The presence of a despotic superior is not society. The company of wicked priests, who profanely assert the power of opening or shutting heaven at pleasure, and who can, for any purpose they may entertain, threaten their trembling victims with the flames of purgatory, is not society. Cold, selfish sisters in degradation are not society. There is no society where the purest and noblest social principles and feelings are crushed out of mind and heart.

Nor will it answer to assert that their hours of solitude are beguiled by proper employment; for the mechanical round of prayers little understood and less felt, and the sufferings of penance with the servility of menials, are not, in any just sense, employment. It is the tread of the abject Chinaman upon the wheel, the toil of the galley-slave at the oar; it is not the free and elevating occupation of intellect, affections, and hands which belongs to the rights of their creation.

We say, then, the true woman is not a nun, and, with equal emphasis, that she is not a recluse; for to impose upon herself such a style of life as will not allow her to cultivate a love for good society, is to attack, and not to improve, human nature.

SOCIABLES.

It is unnecessary to plead further for the social nature of woman. We are sure the privilege, for which we have contended, of

proper intercourse with the world, is generally conceded; and permit us to say, at once, we are fond of good old-fashioned visiting. We cannot endure the artificial restrictions which pretended refinement has thrown around spontaneous friendship. We know that forms have their place, but that is not everywhere. Let us "*run in*," and have a little free and easy talk, sit down without formal appointment, and take a common meal together, and break down these mechanical restrictions which spoil so much happiness, and give none of consequence in return. Why does not etiquette give us rules to laugh, and sneeze, and cry by? Why ought we not to get hungry, and thirsty, and sleepy, and miserable, and happy, according to the books? Just as ridiculous is it to restrict our social intercourse to formal calls and fashionable entertainments.

We grant, however, that the true woman may be required by circumstances to enter large companies, and give and accept formal

invitations; and having done what we deem practicable in a book to prepare her for this troublesome and, too often, dangerous responsibility, we must now faithfully point out the evils to be avoided and the good to be sought.

Social circles are frequently, and, as it seems to us, with great propriety, connected with benevolent purposes. We have assumed that active goodness is the grand characteristic of the true woman. Her heart feels for the woes and wants of humanity everywhere, and she is never satisfied without doing something to relieve them. But it is not enough that she toils and prays, and gives alone. She must exert her powerful influence to stimulate and guide others in the great work. It is appropriate that she should meet them, counsel with them, and that they should toil on together as a band of fellow-laborers.

But you cannot attend the sociable on one of the regular evenings for worship. Great evil results from every measure which assigns

a subordinate position to the week-evening meetings. They are the life of the Church. They indicate, much better than the assemblies of the holy Sabbath, the degree of zeal, and love, and self-sacrifice in a Church. And surely, if social gatherings are allowed to supersede them, even under the high motives of benevolence; leanness, discouragement, and the hidings of the Divine countenance will follow. God's worship is first in importance; and, in your affections, and choice, and attention it must be first. There will then generally be appropriate time for all other purposes. If not, we should be compelled to say that all social gatherings, benevolent or otherwise, ought to be held in abeyance.

We trust the reader has influence which she is disposed to use for the preservation in society of the highest estimate of Divine worship. We beseech her, therefore, to see well to this critical matter. Whenever the evening for any social meeting is proposed, we entreat her to ask, Is this the night of our

regular prayer meeting, or lecture, or class meeting, or conference meeting? If so, let that be decisive, for, depend upon it, when Christians can leave these hallowed means of grace for any social purpose, trifling and backsliding will follow, and no object of the gathering can sanctify or excuse it.

We have spoken of regular week-evening service. It will often occur that extra religious meetings will demand your attention, when the salvation of souls may depend upon your adjourning before the hour for service arrives. This may be inconvenient. It may derange your social and benevolent plans; but we trust you will not hesitate for a moment. Better, far better, as we humbly and sincerely believe, that there should never be another sociable, than that protracted meetings and special efforts for the salvation of souls should be defeated or discouraged.

Another suggestion we take the liberty to make. Let expensive entertainments and costly methods of conducting your benevolent

enterprises be avoided. The grand object is to make the charities of the people tell upon the cause of suffering humanity. Every "mite" contributed for this purpose is sacred, as we believe, in the eyes of God, and it may be laid down as a universal rule, that charitable contributions should suffer the least possible diminution between the giver and receiver. Some expenses in conducting benevolent operations may be unavoidable, but watchful prudence will make them as small as possible, that more of the hungry may be fed, the naked clothed, and the vile and the wicked raised to the dignity of sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Some charity funds are expended for the very purpose of multiplying them, and increasing their value. The toil of Christian women indicates how much they love the poor and the cause of God. Much more is thus brought to bear upon the sacred objects contemplated. If, now, an entertainment should be added to the social

attractions of the evening, we may be pardoned for suggesting that the lady who gives it might set a noble example by estimating the cost of what she is quite able and willing to give as luxuries, providing only what is plain, neat, and wholesome, and paying the difference into the treasury of the association. Should the ladies assembling at the house of a wealthy member be treated to a frugal repast, they would, we believe, be quite delighted at the close of the evening to see the hostess bringing forward, as a donation, some five, ten, fifteen dollars or more, saying: "I consider that I saved this for the cause by a little economy in the entertainments of the evening." Better still would it be, if the time and purposes of the meeting should allow the members to receive all that could be spared directly for their noble objects, and take their usual meals at home.

But we must consider these gatherings in their social aspects. The frequent reunion

of the members of a congregation, for the cultivation of acquaintance and true refinement, we deem of the utmost importance. Distance and long separation produce estrangement and coldness, and stimulate the selfishness so directly opposed to the spirit of Christianity. It is a growing evil in the cities and larger towns, that we see and know so little of each other, and care so little for each other's welfare. In our friendly circles these cold reservations give place to a genial spirit, refining and elevating in its influence upon all who share it.

We object strongly to anything like exclusiveness in these gatherings. They are not for the promotion or gratification of caste in society, but for the increase of mutual sympathy and affection. In such circles people of reputable standing are all supposed to be equal. They have the same depravity of nature to remedy, the same trials to endure. Their richest graces are humility and love, and their highest hopes

are of a common residence in the world of light and glory above. Here, then, let all distinctions disappear. Let the poor and the rich, the stranger and the friend, the young and the old, be all heartily and equally welcome. How many have been lost to the Church, and perhaps ruined forever, by being compelled, as they thought, to seek for that sympathy and consideration in the circles of worldly pleasure, and at length of debasing crime, which they did not find among the virtuous and devout. The increase of social feeling and the freedom of brotherly intercourse must be admitted to be a serious want of the purer forms of society, and we most earnestly commend the subject, with the suggestions which we have taken the liberty to make, to the consideration of guiding minds.

When the company is together, the social life should be free and cheerful. It will be regulated by the pure principles of our holy religion, which, we hardly need to say, forbid

foolish jesting and slanderous gossip, but by no means forbid a pure and elevated freedom. The best regulated circles have the wide range of scientific, literary, and social life before them, and enjoy the highest title to a full flow of warm and glowing friendship. Never had immortal minds purer reasons for joy and gladness than those which are redeemed from sin.

It is a manifest error to assume that true goodness requires, in social bearing, expressions of inward melancholy or distress. Nothing could more directly misrepresent the delightful spirit of true Christianity than the cold, forbidding countenance of the ascetic and the unsocial severity of the bigot. It repels multitudes from the Church who would be attracted by the true manifestations of Christian happiness.

The delightful interview, closed in good time by singing and prayer, will leave a charming influence upon the minds of all who have enjoyed it in the true spirit.

COMPANY, SELECT AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The true woman in the world, whether young or old, will distinguish between intimate associates, recognized acquaintances, and occasional company. The first class must be small and select; the second may be larger, but discriminating; the third will be governed by business and neighborhood convenience, and especially by the opportunities of usefulness.

We would not make you habitually suspicious in feeling or bearing; this would be a manifest blemish; but a few practical suggestions may be useful, at least to the younger portion of our readers.

You can receive a call even from a stranger, properly introduced, and invite him to call again, until you know him sufficiently to show an acquaintance desirable, or otherwise. But you will on no account show him familiarity. If it be the call of a lady, even, whom you do not know thoroughly, you

will withhold familiarity, and especially so if a gentleman. No mere introduction, no elegance of person, or dress, or manners, can justify a woman in giving unreserved consideration to a stranger.

Nor can you be upon terms of intimacy with those you know, who show a want of refinement in feeling. They may not be vicious; they may be in a critical position, and need attention; they may be saved and corrected by firm remonstrance or quiet influence, and by this you may benevolently extend your usefulness; but you cannot admit to the warm embrace of friendship those whom you know, or even suspect for good reasons, to be morally wrong. Neglect of this obvious rule, frequently unpleasant, but founded in stern necessity, has ruined its thousands!

The really vile in heart or life you must exclude from the privileges of even recognized acquaintance. You may have a mission to them, but you cannot, in the most indirect

manner, allow them to presume upon your indulgence. Men styling themselves gentlemen, though known to bear about with them the vileness of the libertine, expect to be pardoned for the bitter wrongs they have inflicted, tolerated in good society, and even admitted to companionship with ladies ! And we regret to say, that in all this they too frequently succeed. Kind woman mistakes indulgence for pity, and gives sympathy where scorn and withering rebuke are due, both to justice and propriety. May I suggest to you a lesson from the reigning sovereign of England, who visits with stern contempt every clearly ascertained attempt at undue liberties with her sex. A reverend gentleman, who has the confidence of the Christian world, assured me, that in an assembly of the dignitaries of her realm, she literally turned her back upon a noble lord, who approached her with all the grace and profound deference for which his family and rank are so highly distinguished ; and for no other reason than

his notorious guilty amours. A little more of the stern and womanly independence of Queen Victoria would crush the confidence with which corrupt men of fascinating manners obtrude themselves on the company and attentions of virtuous women. Of this we would have you a worthy example. Take the position calmly, without talk, without pretensions, but maintain it inflexibly, and you will be honored by God and man.

But the true woman is obliged to mingle with the world. She has prudently made its acquaintance by personal observation, and been furnished with the intelligence and virtuous principles which have led to a thorough analysis of character, and an accurate discrimination of the good and the bad. In her outward relation she will not admit to terms of intimacy those whose habits are doubtful or unknown. Associations abroad as well as at home must be restricted.

Social gatherings, however, cannot be always select. On such occasions our true woman

must meet the different classes with the ease and dignity which indicate conscious rectitude and superior personal influence. She would, of course, avoid the meeting, if she had reason to believe that the company would be degraded by the presence of vicious persons. But, in the absence of any such reason, let her mix freely with the people, and show a heart to sympathize with all conditions, and a thorough appreciation of the rights of all classes.

BEARING.

Social refinement belongs to Christian civilization, and it must exist in the character, in the views, the thoughts, the feelings. It is of but little use to attempt an affectation of refinement. If you are without native grace, without due consideration for the rights and feelings of others; if you have not the power of nicely discriminating proprieties of attitude, movement, language, tones of the voice, and expression of coun-

tenance, your attempts at refinement in bearing will surely be a failure, and probably ludicrous.

To the acquisition of this power of discrimination, all the right education you have received, at home or abroad, has contributed. From your childhood you have noticed the difference between roughness and refinement in manner and expression; and the direct result of the method of training and habits of life upon which we have insisted, has doubtless been to prepare you for good society. But whether or not you have had the opportunities of an education abroad, we must presume that you know how to be agreeable. Indeed, we might rather say, you hardly know how to be otherwise. From the nursery you have felt and practiced the proprieties in all these respects, so that we trust they are not the result of plan or effort, but that they are all so true an expression of yourself, that you are unconscious of them. This is the height of success. You may rest

assured that consciousness of exertion in refinement is evidence that it is yet imperfect.

A true woman, however plain in her dress, and humble in her condition, will be always desirable society; for she makes no pretensions, puts on no airs, never flutters, nor reveals embarrassment. Her charming simplicity and quiet dignity, her inspiring cheerfulness and elevating conversation, will make her a favorite with the truly good and refined everywhere.



SECTION II.—ENJOYMENT.

RECREATION.

CHRISTIAN sociality must, of course, be governed by Christian principles. We cannot too severely condemn the license which has been taken in recent times, to annihilate the distinctions between the humble, self-denying follower of Christ, and the wild, giddy world.

Dancing, wine-drinking, card-playing, and other games of chance and skill, are assumed to be harmless recreation, and so they are deemed by the wildest devotees of fashionable pleasure, the revelers amid the solemn realities of probation and death everywhere around them, by the vilest gamblers that walk and curse the earth. We beg Christian ministers and people everywhere to stand firm against the encroachments of vicious popular influence, assailing, as it does, the grand and consecrated distinctions between the servant of God and the servant of the world, so long recognized and venerated by the purest minds the Church has ever claimed.

If it were possible that the outward difference between Christians and the world were a vulgar prejudice or a foolish superstition, then the Churches yielding here what the gay demand, ought to be in no respect harmed by their worldly compliance; but the truth is otherwise. Awakenings, conver-

sions, and triumphant holiness, will not go on hand in hand with balls and carousing pleasure parties. They are, in spirit and effect, utterly incompatible with each other. Where one begins the other stops, and it will be so perpetually. The humble penitent who sincerely mourns over her sins, will leave the ball-room; and she who in her misery goes to the dancing sociable, will stop going to the altar. The fashionable pleasure-taker will stay away from the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, and the closet; and the devout Christian who loves these means of grace will have no relish for such amusements.

The Churches which live and grow in grace, and advance in the conquests of the world, will give no license to these follies; and the frolicking Churches, with the professed ministers who sustain them, will trouble no man's conscience, urge no penitent to approach the altar of God, disturb none of the worldly follies of the young people in their neighborhood; will, in

fact, annihilate the distinctions between the Church and the world; make it utterly unimportant that the people of the world should change their manner of life and join the Church, since the Church has joined the world. Alas! such a minister is a "blind leader of the blind," a mistaken, dangerous man, who ought in candor to disclaim all connection with the Church, and proclaim himself the high-priest of pleasure, and the advocate of the religion of nature, in distinction from the religion of the cross-bearing Saviour. We faithfully and affectionately warn our readers against the teachings of all such men.

If you would judge correctly of the tendency of the theater, the opera, and all similar places of amusement, examine their history; and you will find that the struggle of virtue and propriety for the ascendancy within them has been a perfectly hopeless one. Think of the exposures from indecorous language, attitude, and costume; from

the public impersonation of the vilest characters known in history, or produced by a corrupt imagination and fancy; from the exhibition before mixed audiences, male and female, of the worst passions and grossest crimes of which fallen human nature is capable: consider the unquestionable facts, that virtuous ladies and gentlemen who advocate them demand their reform to an extent amounting to a complete revolution, while managers, actors, leaders, and performers do not hesitate to say, that any such attempt at purification would destroy their patronage and ruin their profession: remember the absence of tragedians and others similarly employed, with their habitual patrons, from such Christian solemnities as tend to prepare men for another world, the absorption of time and means which are demanded for nobler purposes, and the inevitable downward tendency of the devotees of pleasure, until decency requires to draw a veil over their history: consider

all this, and then say whether your taste and conscience, your estimate of personal and family virtue, and your sense of duty to God and the world, will permit you to look for happiness in any such direction.

But is it demanded what recreations we would deem safe and commendable? We answer, The soul of the Christian is happy in itself. Relieved from the curse of its transgressions, the home of God and the companion of angels, calm in its sense of right and safety as it rests upon the atonement, glowing with celestial fire, and filled with the hopes of a blissful immortality, it needs not the vain expedients of empty minds to give it happiness. Recreation! regeneration is the only true re-creation, and the heir of immortality may well despise your overtures of recreation from the pleasures of sin, false as they certainly are. As well might you propose to bring the crumbs of charity to a nobleman at his sumptuous board, or the clothes of a beggar to a prince

in royal attire, as to offer, as a relief and a blessing, the trifling amusements of a giddy world to a mind in holy and loving communion with God.

Then would you have the true woman renounce the world? In its sinful spirit and customs she has done it already; but its substantial blessings and true refinements are hers, as an undoubted heir of its Sovereign Proprietor. Not a comfort within the reach of honest endeavor or elevated taste, not a thrill of delight from the spirited conversation of pure and intelligent society, not a kindling rapture at the glow of Heaven's sunlight, not a refining pleasure from the quiet and inspiring beauties of creation, can be denied her. The delights of companionship, music, literature, and personal activity in this grand and living world, are all at her command. The re-created, pure-minded, free, and joyous woman disdains the popular recreation which for ages has been identified with woman's personal and social degradation.

TRAVELING, SEEING, AND HEARING.

It is to be regretted that the circumstances of so large a proportion of our valuable women, restrict their sphere of observation within such narrow limits. They ought, if possible, to see more of the world, and we doubt not many apparently insuperable objections to more extended travels would be removed, could a correct public opinion and suitable effort be brought to bear upon them. When the state of the family and the means required are such as to allow it, woman should go abroad. The variations of country and climate, enlarged acquaintance with the character and condition of her race, extended observation upon the laws of mind and of society, will promote the vigor of body and mind, increase the number and value of facts at her command, and extend the sphere of her thoughts, and sympathies, and usefulness. It is oppression needlessly to shut her up to a personal knowledge of a single spot of this

great world. She has a right to see for herself its towering mountains and Eden vales, its rolling rivers and heaving oceans. She has a right to gaze upon its waving fields and noble forests, its splendid cities and gorgeous palaces. She has a right to see and hear its great men, and mingle with the women who are an honor to her sex. She has a right to draw her inspiration from the models of excellence in the fine arts, the productions of master minds of different ages, and from the scenes sacred to poetry, religion, and heroism. Give her the liberty in these vast fields of thought and action, human and Divine, which she has a right to demand, and the scope of her mind, the refinement of her taste, and the extent of her influence, will dispose forever of the invidious assumption that she is inferior, on the whole, to man.

SECTION III.—USEFULNESS.

WE have said that work is the great law of the universe. True, all are not destined to the same departments of labor. Variety in this, as in everything else, is the evident plan of the Creator. For the rougher and more exacting labors of the field, of mechanism, and of commerce, he has formed the stalwart frame, the vigorous muscles, and the tough sinew of man; while for the kinder, gentler labors of house and home, and works of special refinement and taste, he has prepared the delicate structure, the graceful and tender form of woman. Man is of sterner, harder intellectual mold. He may appear upon the stage of public and professional life. He is suited to its exposures, to its rude antagonisms and harsh collisions. He may not shrink from contact with its vulgar degradations, and conflict with even its lowest vices. But woman, timid, shrinking, retiring woman, is meant

for kindlier labor, where delicate sentiment, deep-felt sympathy, devoted affection, and subduing tenderness can soften the asperities of life, and remedy the evils which are out of sight and deep seated in the bosom of fallen humanity.

Woman has her work, and though it does not attract by its outward display, or astonish by its noise, or dazzle by its brilliant manifestations, it interests as a study, and demands consideration for effects, while causes and instrumentalities are out of sight. Its power is in its concealment. It is like the electric fluid, which, though invisible, pervades all nature and is irresistible, even when its presence is not suspected. It is like the throbbings of the heart, which, though concealed from view, throw out the life-current to the extremities at every pulsation; or like internal fires which no human force can antagonize, and whose devastations are the more fearful for the hidings of their power.

There is much which woman can, but may

not do, much from which, by the purer instincts of her nature, she shrinks with alarm. And these instincts are a part of her; they are manifestations of universal woman; they accord with the general sense of civilized humanity.

We grant that she can overcome them, that she can unsex and uncreate herself; that she can adjust her outward mien, her stern volitions, and even her feelings, to the rude indecorum of a popular assembly, and affect the orator or the combatant in the field of intellectual, passionate, and even physical strife. She can aspire to the fame and condescend to the drudgery of profession in surgery, in law, in preaching, or in politics. She can do all this, and much more from which she shrinks with instinctive dread before she changes the natural current of her peculiar impulses. So, also, she can, if she will, paint the scenes of life in hues of darkness instead of loveliness and beauty. So she can, if she will, harden and soil her

delicate hand, and change her graceful form for one uncouth and gross, by the rough labor of the shop or field. She can put out her eyes, and quench the light of heaven in eternal darkness. She can, but she should not. Her eyes were given her in which to mirror the soft and ravishing beauties of nature. Her small hands and slight figure were adjusted to the lesser burdens of domestic life, and to the works of taste and elegance in the drawing-room; and no less were her instinctive timidity, her exquisite sensibility, and her delicate sense of propriety intended to guard her against the rude exposure of public life, and adapt her to a sphere too light, too difficult, and too refined for the rougher, harder sex. The fact that she has governed empires, led armies, met her rivals in intellectual gladiatorship, lifted her voice above popular clamor, fixed upon her the gaze of impudent multitudes, and sent her name abroad with the echoings of fame; that she has submitted to be bowed

down to the earth in the toils of menial life, and played the man in camp or forum, in the market or in the field, is therefore just as much an argument for the inverted order of relative endurance and toil, advocated in some circles of Bedlam, as the ugly excrescence or frightful tumor upon the person is an argument for vitiated blood and impaired health, or the curved spine and the sunken chest is an argument for delving servitude, and the bearing of crushing burdens. Both are the results of unnatural force, both are morbid developments of inward morbid condition.

But there are important modes of direct action upon the public mind and destiny, which are wholly appropriate to the distinguishing qualities of the true woman.

LIVING FOR THE WORLD.

From the very nursery she has been trained to feel that she lives for others. She has seen her mother toiling night and day

for her. She has noticed the tear of sympathy as it has started in response to the tale of woe which none but a Christian could understand. She has risen to an apprehension of the fact that Jesus, the Saviour of men, lived, and suffered, and died for the good of the race. She has taken in the sublime idea that the great Creator makes vast efforts for the government of the world to confer happiness. She has bowed in prayer and surrendered her heart to God, that it might receive a manifestation of the Divine beneficence, and be qualified in some humble degree to follow the example of her Saviour in going about doing good. She has strengthened her nerves and muscles, and developed her physical frame, that she might have the more power in beneficent action. She has spent weary hours and years of study, that she might be endowed with mental energy to grapple with the difficulties and meet the wants of her age. She has observed and reduced to a habit the laws of refine-

ment and of practical life, that she might make herself more agreeable and useful to society. The more religion the more available goodness; the more intelligence the more influential goodness.

TALKING.

An accomplished woman should not be a great, but a graceful talker. True intelligence, and true elevation of mind and heart, with the ease and self-command which familiarity with good society will produce, are the qualifications for this important function of the true woman in the world. The themes of conversation will be various, depending upon the character and habits of those who meet. If the true woman should find herself in conversation with an educated friend or stranger, it would be greatly to her advantage to be able to listen with interest, and reply with ease. It would embarrass her to find that her habits of thought had never included anything upon the subject intro-

duced, or that a question of scientific importance, with which she is wholly unacquainted, is freely passed through the circle. True, no one can be expected to know everything. A woman who gracefully receives intelligence upon a theme entirely new to her may sustain herself creditably in a literary circle. But it is a special satisfaction to her and her friends if she has so extended her studies, her reflections, and observations, as to be able to sustain her part in elevated conversation, in highly educated society. This, if possible, is her duty. Much of the silly trifling, the senseless talking, and laughing, and flirting, so common in fashionable circles, must be due to the fact, that the minds of the company are not really cultivated minds. It is an effort to conceal ignorance, the necessity for which might have been avoided by due application.

A lady should be able to lead conversation. It is true that nothing more ill becomes her than affectation of learning, or

display; but it is a custom of politeness to concede the privilege of a leading part in company to ladies; and it will be exceedingly unfortunate if you are not competent to do it. It is particularly important that ladies should possess this ability, and be disposed to use it, at least so far as to remedy the prevalent evils of social gatherings, and prevent an idle waste or vicious use of valuable time.

Surely no argument is needed to show that the true woman is thus invested with special prerogatives of influence and usefulness. She mingles with the high and the low, the educated and the unlearned, and all are to be impressed and benefited by her intelligence, her accomplishments, her goodness. Not that an effort at impression would be proper or successful; but the woman, formed as we have suggested, comes into company with these superior qualifications for her position, and she is to avail herself of them. She cannot fail to make true intellectual

and moral culture appear desirable. She will surely be a living demonstration of the power of Divine grace. She will be a standing rebuke to all social improprieties, the light, and the joy, and the guide of all the circles she may honor with her presence.

TEACHING AND WRITING.

In the department of education, too, woman has her mission. I dare not say that she was formed to teach, lest I should give countenance to the vulgar idea that she has a peculiar *penchant* for obtruding her opinions upon unwilling auditors. I can say nothing of the kind of the true woman; her native modesty and inherent good sense forbid it: yet she can and ought to teach. Especially in the earlier periods of mental development, while the mind is tender and susceptible of all that is delicate, and pure, and beautiful in instruction, the female teacher is most peremptorily indicated by the promptings of nature and of sound philos-

ophy. To the harsh, the rude, the uncultivated of either sex, her gentleness, her love are the most pointed, palpable reproof, and the most charming and inspiring model; while to the timid and ignorant her kindness and patience are the most effectual relief and stimulus; and if it be granted that severer models and sterner instructors are demanded for the education of boys and young men, and, in some departments and at some periods, for girls and young ladies, it will still be true that no education is perfect which has not received the subduing, elevating power of female mind.

Nor has she any want of ability to acquire the science which the highest departments of instruction require. The whole domain of solid and polite learning is open to her, in common with the other sex. Her mind is endowed with the same instinctive desire to know, with the same susceptibility of profound impression from the force of truth, the same powers of research, of analysis, and

generalization. There is, therefore, as strong *a priori* as there is decisive historic evidence that there is nothing within the scope of science which she may not learn, no practicable conquest which she cannot achieve. Whatever her taste or genius, natural or acquired, may move her to study is within her quiet, unobtrusive sphere. The very retirement which to her is native and necessary is most favorable to philosophic pursuits, if her condition in life allows her leisure. She has the very repose which sends the mind back into itself, in quest of its fundamental laws, and out into the records of thought for the correction or confirmation of her intelligence and judgment. Let her enter, then, with native freedom, the realms of truth, and revel in the wealth of science; let her rise with a Caroline Herschell to the stars, and scan the mysteries of nature in her secret, distant abodes. In all this she is at home, in her own legitimate sphere, where none may dare to question her rights.

And precisely as appropriate to her loved retreat are all the vast prerogatives of the pen. Her views and discoveries in the arcanæ of nature flow gracefully from her flexible hand. Her books of science and of art, her letters and poems, her histories and biographies, her works of sober truth and truthful fiction, appeal to the reason, the taste, and the hearts of men, with all the fascinating power of woman's smiles, the melting sympathy of her tears, the withering rebuke of her frowns. Let us, in plain words, declare it, in this means of self-defense, in this sphere of usefulness and attraction, she does not know her power, she has never yet achieved half her available conquests. In the world of literature she yet has room for indefinite extension. A Hemans and Sigourney, an Ellis and Hale, point the way to her predestined glory and immortality in the future of letters.

Highly elevated and dignified, then, is the position of the true woman in the world.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUE WOMAN A REALITY.

MRS. MARY BRISON.

SECTION I.—HUSBAND AND ANCESTORS.

THE true woman is not a mere abstraction. She has lived, and may live again. Indeed, we have written with more than one model in view, as we have attempted to sketch to the life a form of moral excellence for the admiration and imitation of our readers. Not a faultless model; no such can be found since the fall. But we have seen the only true antagonisms to human infirmities in full, vigorous, and efficient exercise. We may, perhaps, by an example, enforce more successfully the teachings of philosophy and revelation, and hold out

stronger attractions to those who aspire to excellence in female character and life.

One of the most prominent and worthy families in the Methodist itinerancy is extinct! For the space of thirty-two years, a man of large, stalwart form and commanding mien moved about among the people, receiving the respect and consideration due to a man of mark. Benign, confiding, and thoroughly honest, he was loved as extensively as known. Brave and outspoken, original, talented, and faithful, he was honored by the confidence of the Church, and intrusted with responsibilities above the majority of his brethren. Eight years stationed in the city of Baltimore, and two years in Frederic City, Md., two years in Carlisle, Pa., the seat of Dickinson College, two years in Washington, the Capital of the United States, and two years in Georgetown, D. C., seven years a Presiding Elder, and twice elected to represent the Baltimore Annual Conference in General Conference, the Rev.

SAMUEL BRISON must have been no ordinary man.

But besides the force of his own strong mind and generous heart, his plain and fearless preaching and fervent prayers, it was well understood and frequently remarked, that there was an additional reason for his warm reception, his decided popularity, and his marked usefulness. Mrs. BRISON was with him—a circumstance which no station failed to notice among the reasons for congratulation when Mr. Brison became the pastor. So prevalent was this feeling, that this noble man, great in his humility, and full of good humor, used frequently to remark, with no little injustice to himself, that “It was pretty much on MARY’s account that he received such good appointments.”

It was the privilege of the writer to enjoy the intimate acquaintance and be honored with the confidence of these two estimable persons.

In this nation of wild democracy there

is very little consideration for ancestry. It is even deemed a virtue to despise "family," and thought to be evidence of a prurient leaning toward a pseudo-aristocracy to mention our sires further back than the last preceding generation. But, as our readers have noticed, we believe thoroughly in "family," and the descent of ancestral qualities. There is something grave in the import of antiquity; and the perpetuity of a house without the aid of primogeniture, for successive generations, is no mean evidence of substantial combinations, capable of strength and power.

JOHN HARRIS, THE PIONEER.

It is said that "talent is from the mother;" and upon reliable data we are able to trace the maternal ancestry of Mrs. Brison from the early days of American history. Among the men who assisted in laying out the city of Philadelphia was one John Harris. He was a man of mark in those primitive times.

Bold and adventurous, he removed to what was then the western frontier, the site of Harrisburg, the present thriving capital of the great State of Pennsylvania. He married Esther Say, of Philadelphia, a lady who came over from England with the family of the late Judge Shippen. The moral courage of the young pair must have been worthy of note. Their home was in the forest, amid merciless savages. John Harris was no dishonest intruder there, for the history assures us that he exchanged with the natives for the land he resided on, articles brought by him from Philadelphia. In reference to his character, testimony of credibility was taken many years ago; among others, that of the first Presbyterian clergyman who was pastor of the Paxton Church, the late Rev. Mr. Elder, who gave, so runs the record, Mr. Harris a very high character; and summed up all by saying: "A more honest man never broke bread."

In the vicinity of Harrisburg, near to

the decayed trunk of a mulberry tree, is a grave inclosed by a white fence. To that mulberry-tree, long, long ago, a hardy pioneer was tied up by savages in revenge for his refusal to supply them with ardent spirits. The fuel was placed around the doomed hero, and he was about to perish in the flames for his fidelity to the poor Indians and settlers. But to the promptness of his negro man, Hercules, under God, he became indebted for the preservation of his life. This faithful servant disappeared unnoticed, and giving the alarm, a band of friendly Indians rushed into the scene, and the captive was rescued. That rescued man was John Harris, the great-great-grandfather of Mrs. Mary Brison. He chose for the place of his burial the foot of the mulberry-tree where he had nearly fallen a martyr to his principles.

The great-great-grandmother was a heroine of the same school. History tells of her that "at one time she had some ladies taking tea with her, when the alarm was given that

the Indians were surrounding the house, and she gave orders to have every light extinguished, that there might be no aim taken," and thus, by her presence of mind, averted the peril.

ANOTHER GENERATION.

John Harris, the son of these pioneers, "was the first white child born on the side of the Susquehanna where Harrisburg now stands." He was the wealthy and well-known proprietor, from whom the borough took its name. This gentleman, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Brison, married Elizabeth Maclure, a lady of Lancaster county, of whom it was said, she was the most lovely woman that entered the Donegal church.

But this pair, also, had their trials. They were compelled to brave the perils of savage warfare. When their merciless foes "were coming down the Susquehanna, burning and murdering all before them," the inhabitants determined to cross the river and try to

escape. They were surrounded, and the "firing was so near, that only those who had good horses had any chance of success. Just as Mr. Harris was urging his horse into the river a young physician of his acquaintance, who had gone out with the party, entreated him to stop and take him on behind him, as his horse was shot. Mr. Harris, at the risk of his life, stopped till the doctor jumped on behind him, and had proceeded but a few rods from the shore, when the doctor was shot dead, and fell off into the stream.

Mr. Harris swam his horse through, and passed beyond the reach of the firing; but having to pass through the wilderness, he did not arrive at home till the news of his death (he having been mistaken for the doctor) had reached his agonized wife. The blow was too severe for her constitution; for, though she received him in safety, she never recovered from the shock. She died soon after.

Her only daughter, Mary, was called to

her bedside, received her dying charge, and her earrings, which, as a sacred relic, remain in the family. In accordance with the last request of her mother, Miss Mary was sent to Baltimore to be educated. It is said that, after going to the best schools in Baltimore, she completed her education in Philadelphia.

This splendid young lady was married to William Maclay, Esq., of Harrisburg; and was grandmother to Mrs. Brison, whose Christian name she bore.

SECTION II.—A CHILD, A BRIDE, AND A WIDOW.

HER daughter Sarah became the wife of Major John Irwin, of York, Penn.; and of this marriage a favorite daughter was Mary Irwin, the subject of this sketch. She was a beautiful child; sprightly and gay in her habits, and marked from her infancy by an air of superiority and grace which could not fail to attract attention and excite the live-

liest interest. Descended from ancestors, on both sides, of high and aristocratic bearing, it was natural that she should feel the power of family pride. Nothing seemed more unlikely than that the young, the gay, the beautiful Mary Irwin would ever become an humble Christian, and the wife of a Methodist preacher! There was not, so far as we can ascertain, a member of this Church in either branch of the family. Her grandmother and mother were Presbyterians, and they had inherited the ancient ideas of Church rank, which were far above the position at that time occupied by this humble people. All the force of instruction and prejudice, together with the imperceptible influence of the spirit which surrounded her, conspired to fix her mind in other views, and with other feelings.

Thus grew up this beautiful girl. She breathed the free air of her own mountain home, the pride of her companions, the idol of her mother and grandmother. All that

could be done for her by education, society, and fashion was done; and it may be easily imagined that under such auspices her pride of heart was greatly stimulated, and her soul moved much further from God and much nearer to perdition. It is fearful to reflect that, had she been called into eternity, not all her personal charms, nor the fond affection of doting friends, could have saved her. What peril to the young and gay to foster their sins, and, by the very exertions of esteem, to elevate them above those friendly influences of humility and grace which secure the interests of this world and the next! By the mercy of God, Miss Mary Irwin was defended from the shafts of death while she wandered far from him.

At a very early age her heart was won, and she was married to Dr. Paterson, a medical gentleman, of distinction in his profession. The doctor was an Episcopalian, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his young and elegant bride formally received

into the Church of his choice. Not that she had become an experimental Christian, nor was it indispensable to her new Church relations. She was by no means satisfied with her religious condition. Her spirit longed for a higher, purer life. She was an Episcopalian as the result of an obliging disposition, and because, in the high notions to which she had been accustomed, it was entirely respectable to be an Episcopalian. In her new relations she moved in the same circles of fashion and worldly splendor in which she had been raised.

But a day of darkness and sorrow was before her. In a few brief years the companion of her youth was laid low in death, and she who had never known adversity, whose happiness had been the study of her friends, was compelled to endure the anguish of this severest of all bereavements.

Her mind in its suffering awaked to a new train of thought. She felt that she, too, was mortal. Preserving externally the style

of her rank, she endured inwardly all the distress of a wounded spirit.

SECTION III.—A NEW LIFE.

A CAMP-MEETING.

SITTING among the crowd of the wicked and the gay, quite in the rear of the vast congregation, she heard a sermon from the eccentric Father Ellis, a pious man of God. His text was, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." It was adapted to her state of mind. The appeals of truth reached her heart; and at the close of the sermon, when the call was made for mourners, to the surprise and dismay of her fashionable friends, she rose up and moved down the whole length of the aisle, and bowed in prayer at the altar of mercy. It was a scene of the deepest interest. Mrs. Patterson was extensively known, and her act of penitence produced the profoundest sensation. But she

had counted the cost. The amazement, the terror, and the speculation outside the circle were of no importance to her. She had kneeled before her offended Sovereign, and his pardon was the absorbing demand of her suffering spirit. There she remained, weeping and pouring out her soul in prayer, till, by faith, she saw her Saviour smile. She rose a child of God, and before she left the place she gave her name to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A TRIAL AND A TRIUMPH.

She was henceforth to exchange the approbation of her dearest earthly friends for the approbation of God. Those who tenderly loved her were filled with mortification and disappointment. That her caressed and noble daughter should condescend to kneel for prayers at a Methodist camp-meeting, and become a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was too much for her doating mother to bear. Remonstrances and entreat-

ies were tried, no doubt with the utmost sincerity; but, with the elevated views of duty and corrected conscience which now governed Mrs. Patterson, they were alike unavailing. Her fashionable relatives and associates had no smiles to win her, no frowns to drive her from her Saviour. She had tasted the bitterness of sin; she had proved the folly of the world; she had exhausted its pleasures. Amid them all she had sighed for a happiness she never knew, and shrunk from a destiny which she felt would be fearful, but just. The remedy for all these ills she had found in the sweet sense of forgiving mercy and the new-born hopes of everlasting life. She could suffer with submission all the pain of sacrificed friendship; she could bear to have her name cast out as evil among men; she could lay aside her gay attire, and bear all the reproaches arising from affectionate confidence in her new companions, but she could, on no account, dispense with the spirit-stirring means of grace which she had

found, nor grieve her Saviour by wickedly departing from him. Mild and sweet as an angel to both friends and foes, she was firm as a rock, and brave as a warrior, in her new and honorable position. She did not, like some converted in high life, seek to change the manners and customs of the Church she had joined. She asked for no privileged class in Methodism, she made no attack upon its doctrines or discipline. With a breadth of intelligence, and clearness of conscience, alike creditable to her head and heart, she adjusted her dress, and life, and bearing to the standard of the Church, and rejoiced in the privilege of laying aside the symbols of a sinful and wretched heart, for the style of humility and of devotion to the interests of another life.

Such was the change wrought by the power of experimental religion in the character and views, the company and employment, the pleasures and purposes of Mrs. Mary Patterson, then in the strength of early womanhood, not yet twenty-five years of age, so

long the cherished idol of fashion. Remaining faithful herself, she soon had the happiness of seeing a beloved sister converted and received into the Church of her choice. Family prejudices were softened by the advance of time, the force of a sound example, and the providence of God. Some who are now in heaven, and some on earth who mourned over what was deemed the hopeless degradation of a splendid lady, have long since yielded to the power of clearer light and higher motives; and eternity alone will reveal the moral effect of this single conversion.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.

But another scene was now to open in the life of this gifted woman. She had formed the acquaintance of the Rev. Samuel Brison, of the Baltimore Conference, an attachment entirely mutual sprung up between them, and under the guidance of a wise providence, in about one year from the time of her conversion they were married. Of the complete

happiness of their conjugal relations we have the fullest evidence. We are most happy to introduce here a scrap from her own chaste pen. It is without date, but we suppose it must belong to the period now under review.

TOUCHING RECORDS.

“Perchance in some future day, in looking over the mementoes of love and esteem, this plain little book may fall into your hands, and the hand which has penned the contents may long, long have been moldered to dust, the heart which now beats in unison with thine shall have been stilled forever. The form of her you love may be laid cold beneath the sod of the valley. All will be hushed in silence. But I trust in the great and awful day, with the ‘blood-washed throng,’ to recognize all I loved on earth. Think not that these views are melancholy to me. O no, we all must die! the place that knows us now will shortly know us no more forever. Remember this, however, that

while it is here, you have the true, disinterested attachment of a heart which, though it has met with disappointments and anguish keen, is sincere, affectionate, and firm. Yes, my dear, dear S., many have been the sorrows of your M. And now methinks the storm of life is breaking away, and I look forward to peace and comfort, if it be God's will. The Sun has arisen in beauty to me, and I hope will set in peace without a cloud; cheered by the society of my S., my peace made with God, it cannot fail; and it will arise in eternity refulgent with glory. And when you read this, if twenty years have rolled around, and I should be still with you a happy wife, bring it to me, and then I can look back to the glow of youthful affection; and I hope, although time will bring many alterations in form and vigor, your Mary's heart will ever be the same, tender and true."

Happy, indeed, was the cross-bearing itinerant upon whom God had bestowed such

a blessing, the love of a spirit so elevated and pure! Immediately under this record of affection is another, which my readers will be delighted to see. It is dated at "Covington:"

"Nine years have nearly rolled around since I became your wife, and they still find me the beloved wife of my beloved S. They have been nine happy years. As much happiness has been mine as falls to the lot of mortals. O, that God may enable me to be thankful to him, the giver of every good and perfect gift, for all his mercies; and in the closing scene may I still find him near. May God also bless my beloved husband.

MARY BRISON."

And this, it must be remembered, is the testimony of one who had left the very lap of tenderness and ease for the rugged path of the itinerant. Nine years had passed, during which she had no certain dwelling

place; her husband much of the time away upon large circuits; no possibility of realizing the plenty or luxury to which she had been accustomed; and yet she had been in the midst of enjoyment, realizing her very highest earthly hopes.

A result so extraordinary must have had reasons worthy of special consideration. The facts which follow we deem a sufficient explanation.

THE CHARACTER OF HER PIETY.

She had become a Christian under extraordinary circumstances. Quite commonly religious action lies in the very direction of our religious associations, of our worldly enterprises, and the highest gratification of our dearest earthly friends. This is not necessarily injurious, but it is quite possibly so. Moving in the way of popular favor, we neglect that thorough scrutiny of motives, that deep humbling of the soul which true penitence requires. We may quite

easily substitute outward for inward conformity to the holy precepts of the Bible. We may, hence, have no heart-experience of the cross-bearing and self-denial which pure and undefiled religion implies. But the reverse of all this was true of Mrs. Brison. The path she chose presented to her eye nothing but thorns and afflictions. It was relieved by one single consideration only: it was the path of duty, it was right; and upon this commanding principle her action was based. In all the sacrifices of personal approbation she had made, in parting with ease and all opportunities of wealth, in becoming a pilgrim amid the various home attractions of this splendid world, in parting for so much of the time with the company of her beloved husband, she found the approbation of God, an approving conscience, the opportunity of great usefulness, and the joyous hope of everlasting life. For Christ's sake she suffered all, and no murmur ever escaped her lips.

Her countenance was the very emblem of Heaven, always composed and peaceful, and generally smiling and sweet as an angel. You could never have dreamed, from her appearance, that she had become a voluntary sacrifice upon the altar of the Methodist itinerancy. Upon the contrary, she appeared as she wrote, when she had laid aside what the world cherishes and covets, and accepted what the world calls insupportable calamity; she said, in every expression of her countenance, in the tone of her voice, and her habitual bearing: "And now, methinks, the storm of life is breaking away; the sun has arisen in beauty to me, and, I hope, will set in peace without a cloud." O, this was a triumph of spirit over matter, of duty over passion, of right over wrong, of Heaven over earth.

Mrs. Brison was truly modest in her estimate of herself, her experience and labors. She was diffident and shrinking in profession, perhaps even to a fault. But

there was no occasion on which the right and the wrong came up in contrast, but what she was found on the side of right. She was *found* there, and had not to place herself there. Her actions proclaimed her state of devotion to God and his cause. The general style of her conversation showed that a profound religious conviction and feeling pervaded her entire being, and controlled her outward life. Her piety was characterized by sincerity so thorough and obvious, that, we verily believe, the thought of attributing to her, in the slightest degree, anything like hypocrisy or dissimulation, never crossed the mind of a person who knew her; simplicity so sweet and child-like, that no one ever went from her company feeling or regretting that they could not comprehend her; and uniformity so complete, that you were never surprised by unexpected changes or developments in her principles or views, her plans or her conduct. She steadily advanced till her

triumph over her inward and outward foes was at last complete. She was self-denying, hence she made no efforts at a splendid life, a life of outward elegance, incompatible with the limited support and pilgrim character of a Methodist itinerant; cross-bearing, for, against the natural timidity of her feelings, she formed acquaintances, and treated with familiar affection those who were nearly strangers, and many of whom exhibited traits of character, degrees of intelligence, and condition in life, far below her own; her voice was frequently heard in love-feast, proclaiming, in melting tenderness, her Saviour's love, and sometimes in prayer, appealing to a throne of grace in strains so fervent and affecting as to move all hearts, and call down the blessings of God upon the assembly; and, finally, she was active within the sphere of her sex, her health and strength, and her position in society.

Such piety spread a charm over the whole

character. The sanctification of the heart gave to the affections an ascendancy so complete, that, to those who knew her best, she seemed chiefly a being of love—holy love to God and man.

HER STYLE OF MIND AND BEARING.

This had much to do with the firmness, equanimity, and grace with which she sustained the trials of her itinerant life. She must have been originally bright and active, but, under the peculiar forms of her early education and her large experience, she had assumed a marked composure, ease, and dignity, which never failed to command respect. She was always gentle and obliging, but exceedingly firm and independent in her judgment. She never argued with others in social conversation, merely for the sake of discussion. Her views of ordinary subjects were generally broad and commanding. I never heard her opinions but with feelings of deference. She did not push them forward

obtrusively. There was nothing like forwardness or boldness in her voice or her relations to the social circle. She seemed rather the bond which bound the circle together, the one pervading spirit which was common to the whole; and though she exhibited nothing like studied reserve in conversation, you could not help wishing she would say more. She was always cheerful, but I never knew her to trifle; her sense of Christian dignity would not permit it. No one could deny her humility, and yet there was an air of grace and superiority about her which could not well be described, but which always suggested high birth and the early training and habits of a lady; and religion gave to her whole mind an equilibrium, a justness of aim, and an exaltation of bearing which would be utterly impossible without it.

You must add to all this the advantage of an elegant person, accomplished manners without effort, a pleasing, intelligent, and

expressive countenance, without anything to excite in the slightest degree the suspicion that she thought herself beautiful, and you will have, in the whole, the best explanation we can give of her remarkable power to please and to benefit the various communities to which she was introduced by the sacred profession of her husband.

SECTION IV.—A TRUE WOMAN IN HER PROPER SPHERE.

BUT we must speak of Mrs. Mary Brison in her relation to the true sphere of woman; and we may say of her, as did the Saviour of Mary of Bethany, she "hath done what she could;" the Christian lady's highest eulogium. She could not mingle in the rude, tumultuous throng; her delicate sense of propriety forbade it. She had no desire for any kind of notoriety; she looked only with feelings of amazement and horror upon the

monomania of modern misguided women, who seek to obtrude themselves into the whirl of popular excitement, or rush into the rough and forbidding collisions of the various professions. You would never think of such a thing in relation to her. There was everything in the dignified modesty and the unaffected reserve of her bearing to forbid it. In all this she was the embodiment of the true woman. But she had a sphere of labor, and she understood it well. She was the very soul and center of the itinerant's home. Her domestic circle was small: she was not a mother, and yet she was providentially called to sustain maternal relations to the infant son of a beloved, departed sister.

In a letter to Miss Sarah M'C., of Baltimore, she says:

"I suppose you wonder I do not say something about Charlie. I find he gains upon my affections. I think I love him dearly, and so does his uncle. He calls him Uncle Pap. He calls me mother, and cleaves to

me. I find he increases my cares, and yet the employment is pleasant. I want to train him up for the Lord."

In her correspondence she speaks of him frequently, and always with the same tenderness and love.

Charlie was filled with grief when his foster-mother was here no more to care for him. He was for a time with us, and we daily looked with melancholy pleasure upon the evidences of tender and devoted effort she had made to "train him up for the Lord."

It affected me almost to tears to see him, one evening, after he had retired, showing signs of great uneasiness, holding his little head up from his pillow, and exhibiting evidence of guilt. At length his conscience triumphed, and he said: "I've not said my prayers! I reckon I better get up and say them now;" and springing from his bed, he fell down upon his knees, and remained for some time with his face buried

in his hands, in silent prayer. I gazed at him with a feeling of peculiar delight. I remembered her who had taught little Charlie to pray, and was most happy to see some evidence of permanence in her work, after her pure spirit had passed to its rest in heaven. Better, far better, to have taught that child the duty and habit of prayer, than to have been journalized as a prominent actor in the scenes of public strife, in the presence of rude and clamoring multitudes.

I love to remember how neat and comfortable everything appeared about the rooms of the parsonage, what an air of contentment and delight hung about the home of my departed friend, what charming ease and simplicity I found at his table, all indicating the pervading presence of the true woman.

Mrs. Brison could not be herself the herald of salvation, but she could become the light, the support, and the very heart of the herald. When his spirit was sorely pressed with the care of souls, when he groaned under the

burden of approaching pulpit labors, he felt the throbbing of that gentle, sympathizing heart which permitted him to bear no responsibilities alone. Her intelligent counsel was ever at hand. When driven into straits he leaned upon her clear and comprehensive judgment, with almost filial confidence. A mind naturally bold, excitable, and impetuous was held in sweet restraint by the silken cords of a just and discriminating affection. Were his glorified spirit now hovering over us, and reading every word of this humble tribute of respect to the departed, we could not please him better than to say she was the light of his eyes, the joy of his heart, and the support of his judgment.

From the scene of their mutual counsels, prayers, and tears, this giant warrior went forth to battle with the stern trials of life, a stronger, better man; and whenever, chafed and worried in the strife, he found time to return to his sanctuary, he met the soothing smiles, the tender sympathy, and the firm,

unshrinking courage of his guarding angel, to relieve his heart and revive his faith. For once at least this may all be said without fiction. From circuit to circuit, from station to station, from district to district, went this pair for a score of years or more, winning their way to the hearts and unchanging confidence of thousands in and out of the Church; witnessing the awakening and conversion of multitudes, and the building up of the kingdom of Christ in all their appointments. In every place, we hazard nothing in saying the parsonage was rendered the delightful center of Christian influence and refinement. It was his to brave the outward storms, and hers to gain the hearts, soften the prejudices, and, unconsciously to themselves, to remove the sinful opposition of his parishioners.

Mrs. Brison did not avail herself, as she might have done, of the power of the pen to promote her usefulness. If our readers were to judge only from the scraps of her writings we have given, they would say, as we feel

bound to say, that she had ability to make her talents, her intelligence, and experience, felt in this quiet and appropriate mode of female effort. But she was always feeble in health, and often felt that her social and domestic duties were too much for her exhausted energies.

She did not construe apostolic cautions against woman's officiousness in the business affairs of the Church into an excuse for avoiding all spiritual exercises and labors for the salvation of souls. Whenever he deemed it right, her husband called on her to pray, and the social prayer meetings were often enlivened and blessed by her pathetic and fervent pleadings. She was the mourner's favorite counselor. When those of her own sex were in penitence at the altar, she did not leave her husband and brethren to perform alone the delicate duty of instructing them and aiding them to flee the wrath to come. Exactly, as we believe, in the true place of a pastor's wife, she led the way to the altar, and hung over the penitents with tears, affec-

tion, and prayer, till they came into the light, or while, for the time, there was hope of such a result. We believe she has met in glory many of her spiritual children, and is yet to meet many more. She did what she could, and that was much more, infinitely more, *in* her sphere, than she could have done out of it.

SECTION V.—CLOSING SCENES.

A MELANCHOLY duty remains. We must trace the more evident and outward workings of insidious disease upon her frail constitution. In the month of August, 1851, she was struck with apoplexy. For a time she was much prostrated, and, indeed, from this attack she never fully recovered. In a letter to a friend she thus refers to the alarming event:

“DEAR SISTER,—Two weeks ago I had a stroke of paralysis, affecting my right side,

arm, and my speech considerably. I still suffer from the effect in my talking; have a sensation of fatigue in my mouth and tongue. I feel as if I ought, indeed, to be ready for eternity. Lord help me!" This stroke gave great alarm to her numerous friends. She, however, so far improved as to resume her place at the head of the family and in the Church of Christ. But a sense of eternity rested upon her. It was evident to all that she was ripening for heaven.

At the next conference, Mr. Brison was stationed at Georgetown, D. C., where they spent a few months of pleasant and profitable labor, Mrs. Brison making, in the meantime, perhaps even more than her usual favorable impression, and endearing herself greatly to the people. In December, 1852, she thus wrote to her friend, and we peruse the lines with melancholy interest. It was her last letter. Soon after her right hand forgot its cunning:

"I am just recovering from a severe ill-

ness. I was in my room nearly three weeks, and am yet very feeble. I had an attack of palpitation which lasted forty-eight hours. My strength was nearly gone. God alone knows whether I shall get through. I feel it necessary to be looking out and trying to have my lamp trimmed and burning. Pray for me. I know you do. I have felt composed and quiet in spirit. I want to lay all in the hands of my good and gracious God, who has hitherto been my refuge in sickness and sorrow. He will do all things well."

On Monday morning, the 27th, she received another shock, after which she never spoke. She suffered much, but retained her consciousness, and recognized her intimate friends. Receiving the dreaded intelligence, we hastened to her chamber. When roused from her lethargy by the familiar voice of Mrs. P., she moved her hand and bowed her head in token of recognition. I asked her if Jesus was with her to give support in the trying hour. She promptly answered by

signs in the affirmative. In the same way she indicated her wish to have us pray. Never shall we forget the solemnity and glory of that hour. We sang,

“My span of life will soon be done,”

and fell down to prayer amid the sobs and groans of her agonized husband and other affectionate relatives and friends.

When we arose her eyes were suffused with tears; but evidently exhausted, she sank into a heavy slumber. We left the room, and I gave myself up to solemn and melancholy communings with the spirit of my noble friend, bowed down to the dust with the afflictions which were upon him. In due time the call of her friend had once more aroused her, and she had taken silent and affectionate leave of her nieces, who were members of the family, and for whom she felt a mother's love. We were called to the room, when, by every look and gesture which remained in her power, she invited

her husband to her side. He fell upon her neck, and with her right arm, which she could still move, she pressed him to her heart, kissed him, and bedewed his face with her tears. Her beloved Charlie was raised to receive her final look of tenderness and love; she placed her hand upon his head, as if to give him her dying blessing, and then, exhausted by the effort, she fell suddenly into a lethargy, from which it was supposed she would never awake.

She remained in this heavy slumber, with labored breathing, for near five days! On Sunday morning, the second day of January, 1853, as her husband stood over her with painful anxiety, reflecting in sadness that he should see no more the light of her mild and expressive eye, to his joy and surprise she recognized his voice, and gazed upon him with a look of inexpressible tenderness. He seized the lucid moment to say, "Mary, is all well?" She pressed his hand, bowed her head, and soon quietly passed away.

Thus died the amiable, devout, and excellent Mrs. Brison, a true woman, and a model wife of a Christian minister.

THE TWO FUNERALS.

Two days after this solemn event we saw the church in mourning. An affectionate people, with some nine or ten ministers of the Gospel, were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the earthly remains, and call up, with pleasing and affecting interest, the virtues of the sainted dead.

There sat the bereaved pastor, in all the anguish of suppressed but struggling grief, and with all the dignity of a great intellect taxed to its utmost strength, but sustained by the presence and power of God. We knew his loss was great, but he alone, of all that vast multitude, realized the true extent of it. He had lived in the mild radiance of that clear light, and felt its genial, elevating power for many happy years. He had gazed upon it with steady eye, till it

had paled, flickered, and gone out in his sight. He was thenceforward to look out upon a dark world that had been rendered warm and bright by the presence of a guardian angel whom he could no more see. He had held for a time as his own, and pressed to his heart, earth's choicest treasure. It was gone now, and to him the world had no more to give. Henceforth his thoughts were more than ever, with his heart and his treasure, in heaven.

By the choice of friendship, it devolved upon us to guide the reflections of that mourning audience, and MARY OF BETHANY rose up before us as the model after which, more than any other merely human, the meek and lovely character of the departed had been formed. "She hath done what she could," was our text, and THE TRUE WOMAN our theme; and it may interest the reader to know, that precisely here we found the germ of the book you have been pleased to honor with your kind attention. If you

have derived pleasure or profit from its perusal, you owe it, under God, primarily to the fact that Mrs. Mary Brison lived and died a true woman.

We need not attempt a further description of this scene. In the midst of his brethren, in solemn procession, with large numbers of his afflicted people and sympathizing neighbors, with his head bowed in subdued and tearful sorrow, the bereaved pastor slowly and solemnly moved to the place of the dead. He turned away to tread the path of life to the cold grave, ALONE!

But he had heard, with deeper solemnity and stronger faith than ever before, the expressive utterances of the Divine Redeemer: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." These words fell upon his soul like the trump of the resurrection, following in quick succession the knell of death, and thenceforward the

spirit of this great man was more an inhabitant of heaven than of earth.

On the thirtieth day of October following, we were in that large church again. A vast crowd of citizens, from Georgetown and Washington, had assembled, and the solemnity of death was upon every countenance. Amid the insignia of mourning, in the presence of a bereaved and heart-stricken people, we stood up to pronounce a funeral discourse in memory of the Rev. Samuel Brison !

The theme was the true minister ; and those who had heard him preach for years could best judge of the appropriateness of the text. It was the declaration of St. Paul to the Corinthians : "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellence of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God : for I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preach-

ing was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

He had fallen! in the fullness of his strength, in the midst of his useful labors, suddenly, but bravely fallen! His noble, generous heart had ceased to beat! His dignified, commanding form was already in the dust; and his soul, his honest, masterly soul, was in heaven.

In a few days the parsonage was desolate.

A PARTING WORD.

Fair reader; you have looked at the character of the true woman, and, we doubt not, you have been charmed by its attractive beauty. We are sure you have felt a strong desire to illustrate that character in its utmost perfection. These are noble aspirations, and we beg you to believe they may all be realized. If God has made you

responsible for the education of daughters, we may humbly suggest that you have here a regular family manual, for the successful discharge of the most delicate duties ever intrusted to mortals. We entreat you, do not for a moment entertain the idea of a failure, until you have faithfully experimented every one of these simple and earnest suggestions. Are you a child, or a young woman? hold these counsels and models of excellence before you, until they seize every power of the intellect and heart, and command the utmost energy of the will. You shall then, assuredly, for yourself and the world, demonstrate the true woman to be a living reality.

THE END.